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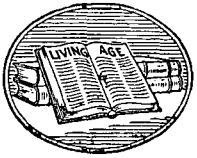

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THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE STRUGGLE FOR ALBANIA

BY M. E. DURHAM

Of the evils of secret diplomacy we have heard much of late. Yet probably few people realize the way in which a small nation which possesses petroleum, or forests, or a 'strategical position' is marked down, ringed round, and deliberately hunted to death by a Great Power or a group of Great Powers, who prate hypocritically the while of self-determination, honor, and justice. The tale of Albania's doom is typical. For over a thousand years the Albanians, the original inhabitants of the land, continuously resisted all invaders and preserved their language, customs, and a portion of territory. But though every other Balkan race in turn was helped to independence, Albania alone was in each case sacrificed. Why? Because her preservation suited neither the plans of Russia nor Austria. The former would not permit the existence of any non-Slav or non-Orthodox state. Austria intended the 'absorption' of the whole Adriatic coast. Meanwhile, the Albanian Nationalists struggled, with a courage and persistence which should have aroused general sympathy, for the right to call their land and their souls their own. Albania's demand for a constitution overthrew Abdul Hamid. Albania's revolt against the Young Turks' attempts at forcible Ottomanization overthrew the Young Turks in 1912. Albania was on the eve of recognition when the Balkan War of 1912–13 was precipitated by Serbia, Greece, Montenegro, and Bulgaria, because the erection of an independent Albania would have ruined their schemes of land-grabbing. The Great Powers did not fight in that war. But they sat behind it and pulled the strings. Behind Serbia and Greece was the Russo-French combine. France meant both her *protégés* to be in a position to pay the interest on her loans. Moreover, she was building up Greece as a naval make-weight to Italy in the Mediterranean. So early as 1906 she had raked in Serbia as junior member of the Russo-French combine, and had supplied her with Creusot guns. Italy manœuvred her puppets, too. She had an age-long hatred of the Slav. But she had a foothold in Montenegro (her 'father-in-law'), and by fanning Serb and Montenegrin jealousy hoped for good results. And, above all, she desired

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influence in Albania. In the winter of 1912–13 Scutari, the capital of North Albania, had been vainly besieged for months by the Montenegrin Army. Hussein Riza, the Turkish commander (of partly Albanian origin), when he saw that relief from Turkey was impossible, determined to declare the town Albanian and call up the Albanian clans to its defense. This plan would have, no doubt, succeeded, but the evil genius of Albania, Essad Pasha Toptani, thwarted it. This man, a notorious turncoat to be bought by the highest bidder, was first an Old Turk, servant of Abdul Hamid, and hated everywhere for his robberies and extortions. Only among his own retainers at Tirana had he a following. When the revolution of 1908 took place he waited to see which way the cat hopped, and then proclaimed himself a Young Turk, and leaped to power. When Scutari was attacked he hastened thither with the troops of which he was commander but was regarded by the local clansmen as a Turk and an enemy, and they did their best to drive him back. Unluckily for Albania, he fought his way through, reached Scutari, and was second in command. Power for himself was his aim. He could not, therefore, suffer Hussein Riza to be the savior of Scutari, and had him assassinated by two of his retainers. Then, by means of the Italian Consulate, through the hands of whose dragoman the correspondence passed, he entered into negotiations with Montenegro and arranged the sale of the town. Italy appears to have been head engineer in this affair for she preferred Scutari to be Montenegrin to its falling into the hands either of Austrian or Serb. Her policy was to split Serbia and Montenegro, and thwart Austria. Russia and France, playing for Slav at any price, supported her game and purposely delayed the landing of the naval force which was feebly demonstrating off the Montenegrin coast.

England, Austria, and Germany were thus all outwitted, Scutari fell, and the ladies of the Italian Legation at Cettinje naïvely declared they had danced round and round the table for joy. Italy believed she had bought Essad, and that forward steps in Albania would be easy. He was to be recognized as Prince of his own district of Tirana, and even went so far as to have postage stamps printed. But Italy and many others have had to learn that a man you can buy, can also sell you! England, Germany, and Austria would not allow the dirty trick to succeed. Russia's army was not yet ready for the field. She, too, brought pressure to bear. 'We shall be quite ready for our Balkan War in 1914,' said one of the Russian military attachés to me; 'now it is impossible.' Albania's independence was recognized and guaranteed by all the Great Powers, and a work of justice was at last accomplished. The next step of the Great Powers was, however, one of almost unparalleled cynicism and brutality. Albania prayed very earnestly for an English prince. The Russo-French combine, with Serbia and Greece as their jackals, had, however, planned Albania's destruction from the beginning. Italy, who did not foresee the speedy rise of the hated Jugo-Slav, and dreaded only Austria, entered into the game and acquiesced in the election of a German prince, with the prior intention of evicting him. Wied, it is true, was a fool; but a well-meaning one, and had he been given a chance, would have succeeded as well as many another ruler.

In the summer of 1913 when no prince had as yet been chosen, I found all through Albania that the one dread of the people was Essad Pasha. He was already in constant communica-

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tion with the Greek Bishop of Durazzo from whom he was reported to be receiving large sums. And he was the only man in the country with a well-equipped army. The Serbs and Montenegrins had supplied him fully. At Ochrida, in June, 1913, the Serb officers in command boasted freely to me that their plans were laid, and that in six months they would be back in Durazzo.

The snares were set, Essad, a born intriguer, managed to be one of the party of Albanians sent to invite Wied to accept the throne. And he wormed his way into the unfortunate man's favor. Wied was persuaded by Essad to go to Durazzo, in every way unfitted to be a capital, instead of to Scutari, where he would have had British support. He was thus in Essad's territory and helpless. The Powers who planned his destruction chose fit agents. Italy was represented by Allioti, of Smyrna Levantine extraction, it was said, and France by Krajewsky, a Pole, born in Bosnia, and also of Levantine antecedents. He boasted to me immediately after the fall of Scutari that France would not allow Albania to exist, and was raised from a Vice-Consulate to represent France on the International Commission. Against all this, Wied and Albania were helpless. The Dutch gendarmerie, who were loyal, soon saw Essad's game and arrested him. Italy intervened, and demanded his release. He went to Rome and was decorated. A relative of the King of Montenegro — Gjurashkovitch — was also suspected and was arrested. Russia came forward and insisted on his release. In both cases 'the capitulations,' which had died with the Turks, were pleaded in order to make trial for treason impossible. Italy and the Serbs then started the so-called revolution against Wied. Dibra, a mainly Albanian town had been allotted to Serbia in 1913. A large number of the inhabitants had spent the winter in Albania as refugees, fed by the American mission. Essad and the Serbs got hold of these Dibrans and promised them that, as a reward for evicting Wied, they should have Dibra restored to them.

In vain did Albania's friends tell them this was false. Dibra was their one hope and desire. Together with Essad's men, they attacked Durazzo. Red lights were flashed to them from a house in the town. It was entered by the gendarmerie and — an Italian colonel was found in it. Capitulations were pleaded again, and there was no trial. The English, Austrians, and Germans of the International Control, strove honestly to keep the treaty guaranteeing Albania's independence. The Russo-French combine had planned war in the Balkans, and meant to have it. Italy, too, still believed in her Essad. So soon as the attack on Durazzo had begun, and Albania's small gendarmerie was occupied with it, the results of Essad's colloquies with the Greek bishop were apparent. The so-called wounded Greeks who had been allowed to remain in the hospital at Koritza, telephoned for medical comforts, which arrived in the shape of Greek troops (largely Cretans, but also of other regiments; many were taken prisoner, and photographed, and gave details of whence they came) and machine guns. Albania was thus attacked at two places at once, by the Russo-French combine. The Albanians were dazed with the falsity of the Powers and confused by counter-orders. One of the Russian representatives went about telling them to take no part in the fighting against the Greeks or the Powers would be angry with them. Albania was to be destroyed. Nevertheless, the Albanians put up a brave fight,

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and though they possessed no artillery, kept the Greeks at bay till a further influx of Greek troops overwhelmed them.

Meanwhile, in Durazzo, the Italians, most naïvely demonstrated the large part they were playing in the game by striving to create panics, building a senseless sort of barricade (just in front of the hotel) which I partly pulled down, and even going so far as to write and print in the Italian papers a most gory account of the fall of the town and the slaughter which ensued; so sure were they of the success of their plans and their Essad. But the town did not fall.

While Durazzo still held out, and the Greeks were flooding South Albania, burning and massacring as they went, came the news of the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. War seemed then certain. The struggle in Albania was not Albanian at all. It was the beginning of the fight between Slav and Teuton for the Near East and the route to the Far East. Like a flash I remembered how, in May of the previous year, I had been told in triumph at Podgoritza in Montenegro: 'We, the Serb people, are now a danger to Europe. We have beaten the Turk. We shall fight Austria next. The Serbs will march to Vienna. We (the Montenegrins) shall march to Sarajevo. We have the whole of the Russian Army with us. We shall take what we please. *We shall begin in Bosnia.*

Nevertheless, it seemed incredible that the neutrality of Albania, guaranteed by every Power in Europe, would be so shamelessly violated. The Albanians themselves fondly hoped that a war in Europe would withdraw their tormentors and they would then be able to arrange their own affairs. We all had yet to learn that all treaties are potential waste paper.

Seventy thousand starving refugees crowded in and around Valona, victims of the Greek invasion. I went up into the mountains and in the fatal early days of August was spying the position of the Greek troops near Tepeleni unaware of what was going on in Europe. Nor, till I went over to Brindisi to learn if further relief work were possible, did I hear that Great Britain had already declared war.

After this Albania was marked down as a prey. Wied fled on September 3. Essad then entered Durazzo, having come direct from Serbia, and was publicly embraced by Allioti, the Italian. Italy had not yet learned that a paid agent can be bought up by others. No sooner had Italy entered the war than she was up against her old Slav foe. But Essad was already in the employ solely of the Russo-French combine. All Italy's intrigues with him were lost time and money. He was now pledged against her and settled comfortably in Salonica. Owing to his unpopularity in Albania he was, however, unable to raise the large Albanian force his employers doubtless hoped for. And it was soon apparent that France was building up steadily against Italy. Wherever Italy appeared Adriaticwards her path was blocked by Serb or Greek, backed by France or Russia. Russia's disappearance from the scene of action in no way mended matters. Italy, it is true, landed at Valona in 1914, and took it in spite of the treaty signed in 1913, but elsewhere she met with difficulties.

France worked systematically. Throughout the war she has advanced in Balkan lands only to retire in favor of either Greek or Serb, while Italy has panted after her. For example, in December, 1916, the French gained entrance to Koritza by promising the inhabitants that it should be recognized as an Albanian town and have local self-government. M. Vau-

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cher, the correspondent of *L'Illustration* has given a detailed account of the enthusiasm with which the Albanian flag was greeted and the extraordinary rapidity with which Albanian schools, previously forbidden under heavy penalties, were opened and crowded with pupils. The Albanians cried 'Vive la France,' only to be cruelly disappointed. When once firmly established Colonel Descouins summoned Greek gendarmes, took down Albania's flag, and suppressed the Albanian Government. Temistokle Germenli, a much beloved Nationalist, was arrested and executed, to the dismay of his compatriots, who knew that his only crime was love of his motherland. The American mission also, it may be observed, regarded him as wholly innocent of the charges brought against him. Greek officials now replaced Albanian ones and threatened Albanian parents with court-martial, says report, if they refused to send their children to Greek schools. The land has copper and lignite in it, which may help Greece to pay her debts to France. Italy made a counter-march. She proclaimed at Argyrokastro, in June, 1917, that she would protect all Albania. She even penetrated Greek territory and roused wild hopes that she meant to restore Albania to her ethnographical frontiers. For a brief moment France, Greece, and Italy bared their teeth. Then Italy retired, and the luckless Albanians who had risen to her call, paid the penalty. Hard on this came the publication of the Secret Treaty of 1915, and a thrill of horror ran through Albania. How could Italy, who had all through professed to be Albania's friend, have signed away three quarters of it? 'Russia clapped a pistol to her head,' was the reply. People clung to the hope that the collapse of Russia had made it void. The treaties then revealed were all strenuously denied by the parties who had signed them. They were said to be 'inaccurate and incomplete,' by Lloyd George. They were buried. But they rose again, in much the same form, and are the cause of much unholy squabble in Paris.

The *débâcle* of the Central Powers was followed by a neck-and-neck race through the coveted lands by Italy and France. France trying to be first to occupy all that she desires to bestow on her Serb and Greek *protégés*, Italy striving to get there first and occupy the land for Albania — and herself. Since the growth to power of the South Slavs Italy has struggled fiercely to form a make-weight.

Italy arrived first at Elbassan. France was first in Kossovo Vilayet. Here she was welcomed by the Albanian population. She, however, having once entered, withdrew in favor of the Serbs, who, so far as recent information goes, have massacred or expelled the bulk of the Albanians in order to prove a Serb majority there. Gusinje, Plava, Jakova, and Ipek have all during the past months of 'armistice' been bombarded and bombed. And Italy, the friend who promised to protect Albania, has stirred no finger to help.

Up till last January the Albanians were willing to accept Italian protection, though they looked askance upon the wide lands Italy has seized around Valona. But now they ask themselves, 'What good is a protector who does not protect?' Moreover, Italy, though she held the trump cards in Albania, has played badly and lost. She has estranged Albanian sympathies by her reckless attempts at Italianization. Italian colonists are poured into the land, and settled on the sites of the villages burned in 1914. Italian schools are opened in numbers, and, worst of all, the Albanians are not permitted to open schools of their own. It was for their national schools that they fought

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the Turk. They say the Italian is as bad as he. They have now appealed urgently and earnestly to America to take over the mandate and give them shelter till they can stand alone. If given this chance those who know them believe that in fifty years they would be second to none in the Balkans. They are more intelligent than the Bulgar; they are far more industrious than the Serb, and they have all the Greek's aptitude for commerce. Will they be given this chance? If not, they say that there is nothing to choose between denationalization by Italy, Greece, or Serbia. If one is to be made the unwilling subject of another race, it does not much matter which.

The Franco-Greco-Serb group now holds out offers. 'The Balkans for the Balkan people, and no Italian need intrude,' is their catchword. Albania looks on all as equally unreliable. Italy, she says, will fight Jugo-Slavia at no distant date. Albania would then be a battleground. Italy's attention would all be riveted on Trieste and Fiume. Thither would go all her troops. Of what value would her 'protection' then be to Albania?

As my dear old dragoman said when he saw the coil of intrigue which threatened to throttle his land: 'The Great Powers, lady, are like a band of brigands. By day they quarrel with one another. At night they all go out robbing together.' It is a perfect definition of foreign policy.

But Albania knows also that 'When thieves fall out honest men come by their own,' and awaits what the future may bring.

The Contemporary Review

THE PRESERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY

BY PHILIPP SCHEIDEMANN

THE first of the immediate tasks which confront us is the protection, strengthening, and development of democracy. It is not by mere chance that we have been Social Democrats from the beginning. We have never been able to conceive of the realization of Socialism otherwise than by the path marked out by democracy. Equal rights for all — that was the principle on which we built up our programme, for which we fought, for which we endured the persecution of the law against Socialists, and challenged the police to conflict over equal electoral rights in Prussia. Hence I cannot understand how anyone who hesitates to accept the principle of equal political rights can continue to call himself a Social Democrat: I must say that I am grateful to the Extreme Left for calling themselves, not Social Democrats, but Communists. I hope that all who consider democracy — the equal right of all — an obsolete affair, consigned by the revolution to the scrap heap, will possess in equal measure the courage of their convictions. If, however, we examine the party which continues to call itself 'Independent Social Democ-

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racy,' we find that it consists, not only of genuine Social Democrats who differ from us only in questions of policy, but also of others who, by abandoning the principle of general political equality, have forfeited the right to call themselves Social Democrats. It is to be hoped that these people also will have the courage of their convictions, and will show themselves in their true colors. There is no Social Democrat alive who wishes for the political supremacy of a councils' government in place of the general sovereignty of the people. What is so extraordinary with regard to this system of government by councils, is that no one can exactly define its nature. Its supporters wrangle in the Independent journals over its fundamentals, without coming to any conclusion. Crispien, for example, says that everyone, except actual capitalists, is to have an electoral vote for the councils, and even capitalists may acquire it by declaring themselves members of a Social Revolutionary party. Any man, however, even a workman, is to be deprived of his franchise if he is condemned by a Socialist tribunal to lose his privileges as a Socialist. Truly, such a system leaves scope for every kind of oppression. Any profiteer who had the art of currying favor would have the suffrage, while an honest workman who for decades had striven for the emancipation of his class, would be deprived of rights and privileges, if his political methods did not please those who happened at the moment to be in power. But then comes Max Siewers, who repudiates Crispien's views, proposing to exclude from the franchise all who employ workmen in any fashion whatever; thus farmers, artisans, small tradesmen, and innkeepers would be excluded. It is impossible to estimate the bitterness which would naturally arise from a new suffrage of this kind, based on privilege.

Moreover, of these Social Revolutionaries, who designate me and my friends as traitors or blockheads, because we do not at once adopt every new catchword, not one, for all their bold front, has produced a single original idea. They copy, without exception, Russian models. We cannot escape from the capitalist system at a single bound — we cannot, with one swoop, socialize everything, down to the last little barber's shop! What right have we to deny political rights and privileges to any man who has become, by any means whatever, an employer of labor in the society in which he lives? If it were a question of disfranchising the real drones of society, the shirkers and exploiters of the labors of others, there would be matter for discussion. But even for this purpose the most complex laws, the most elaborate investigations, the most painful legal procedure would be necessary, for the sole purpose of erasing from the electoral registers the names of a few thousand people whose numbers were not sufficient to be of consequence one way or the other. In this way we should arrive at the political councils system, which does not differ in the slightest, in practice, from misplaced Parliamentarianism. I therefore beg the advocates of the political councils system, as a first step, to reach a clear understanding among themselves, as to the fundamentals of their scheme. Hitherto they seem to me to belong to the people of whom our late colleague, Victor Adler, used to say: 'They do not precisely know what they want, but they want to decide the matter.'

But we must defend ourselves most resolutely against the attempt to force a system upon our people of which no one yet knows exactly what it looks like. They may put into the government whom they will, for every gov-

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ernment will be compelled to defend itself against such attempts and to oppose force, if such be used, with force. This brings me to a theme which has already given us the greatest pain and which my colleague Noske dealt with recently — the theme of the armed force whose task is to protect the democratic order against any *coup d'état* from the Left or from the Right. We all have a very clear picture of this armed force. And it is to consist purely of convinced supporters of the new government, of men who know exactly for what they are risking their skins, of spotless knights of liberty who detest any arbitrary force and only intervene when the defense of justice demands it. This ideal hovers before all our eyes. We are all united in the endeavor to realize it, but we are also all at one in realizing that we are still far removed from it. Let us also be clear on this point: the gravest obstacle on this path is civil war among the working classes. Nothing can be done with a troop of which one third are Majority Socialists, another third Independents, and the other third Spartacists. We are trying with all our strength to root out all reactionary spirit, all arbitrary force which inclines to excesses, from the armed formations which still exist. And I admit that it can do us no harm if our backs are stiffened in this struggle. But as for all the advantages which the reaction can be said to have won, they have only been won by the disunion of the proletariat and the horrible confusion which has fallen upon its ranks. The Social Democratic party must, however, be on its guard in the defense of this dearly-bought democracy, and not only against the Left but against the Right. Signs are not wanting that the old forces are once more trying to seize power. I do not want to exaggerate this danger at the moment, for anybody who would essay an adventurous *coup* from the Right to-day must have taken leave of his senses. It would end most disastrously for him. But in these chaotic times the scenes change swiftly. And if Spartacism continues to pave the way as it has hitherto done, then it is impossible to say whether one day other conditions may not materialize. Therefore, comrades, I call to you: Be on your guard. If reaction tries to rear its head again, then it must be swept away for all time.

We want to move, not backward, but forward into freedom. Therefore, we long for the day which will relieve us of the painful duty of resorting to measures of force which are utterly repugnant to us.

I say with the deepest conviction: Down with the state of siege! On the day on which Spartacus renounces its policy of basing its rule of force upon the state of siege, its antagonists will at once concede that this régime be done with. When shall we at last be able to end domestic conflict with domestic peace, in which all sections recognize the rights and liberties of others, and freely acknowledge the sovereign will of the people? It must be the aim of all sincere friends of the working classes, no matter what their political views, to bring about such a peace, even, if need be, at heavy personal sacrifice. I myself would count my life cheap to attain such an end, but I will never submit to the base betrayal of the fundamental democratic principles of our Social Democratic programme, or to compromise over matters which do not admit of compromise. I would continue to fight to the last, as a party member among the rank and file, for our original programme. But, though our position is thus completely clear on the political side, we are perplexed by a multitude of problems in the economic sphere. This is, I admit, per-

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fectly natural, since, whereas democracy, on the one hand, is an old and well-known political system — in spite of the fact that it has never been so boldly and consistently developed as in our young republic — Socialism, on the other hand, is completely new territory. There are many other reasons as well. To start with, the form of government of any state is so entirely a domestic matter that even a defeated people can choose freely in this respect, while the economic system is bound up with the entire economic life and relationships of the country. The ultimate intention of the treaty is that the economic system of Germany shall be dictated by victorious capitalism. The whole German nation is to be reduced to the condition of a nation in bondage, obliged to labor to the point of exhaustion, in the service of foreign capitalism, for a bare living wage. These are measures directed, not against German Kaiserism, but against German Socialism. They are dictated by Western capitalism, which recognizes in German Socialism a formidable foe, all the more formidable as capitalism must be afraid that its methods might not be the haphazard and blundering experiments of Russian Bolshevism, which serves as a deterrent example, but might be the foundation for a methodical system and its successful application. This is the problem which confronts us in our foreign relationships. But, in addition, we are faced with a domestic problem in the fact that, although there is a Social Democratic majority in many large districts, there is as yet none in the separate states (excepting in the instance of a few small states), or in the Imperial Parliament. All Socialistic measures taken by the Imperial Parliament are dependent upon the approval of at least a part of the bourgeois party, and it is easy to conceive that they have to be watered down a good deal.

But the last and most formidable obstacle is that which is involved in the nature of Socialism itself, as an unfamiliar and untried system. All economic systems which have hitherto been operative in the world have developed naturally and imperceptibly, in such a way, moreover, that each permeated and merged into the other, until finally, in the course of development, the new grew out of the old. No official record reports the hour of capital's birth, and I believe that none will report the hour of its death, for successive economic systems do not follow one upon the other in precise chronological order; the old persists for a time after the birth of the new. How can it be otherwise in our generation? Even before the war we had hot disputes over this matter. One section believed that the proletariat would be able, after securing political power, to reform the entire capitalist economic system all at once, according to the new guiding principle of Socialism, just as one reverses, with a single movement of the wheel, the whole motion of a piece of machinery. The other section was convinced, on the contrary, that the complete realization of Socialistic theory is only possible through organic development and advance by experiment. I believe that even a purely Socialist government, such as we do not yet possess in the Empire, must be impelled by the heavy responsibility it bears, to adopt the method of a slow experimental advance, and it will court disaster if it believes itself capable of mastering economics by obstinacy and force. It will never be able to take too great risks in its experiments, for it would forfeit by one failure the confidence of the masses, the most essential condition for the further development of its pol-

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icy. I have already expressed this conviction in Würzburg, when I said, foreseeing the immense difficulties which now confront us, that in future we must ask, in considering any measure, not only whether it is Socialist, but also whether it is practical, and that we should resolve to adopt only such measures as might be confidently expected to benefit the nation and the working class. My opponents on the Left have designated this policy Mock Socialism? Well, fellow Socialists, the future will show where 'Mock Socialism' is to be found! At present everything is in a state of ferment and confusion. Hundreds of thousands who a short time ago knew nothing of Socialism have accepted it like a new faith, and cling to it with religious fervor. This is a development which should be welcome to us, for it is seed for the future. But the veterans of the working class should not allow the leadership to be wrested from them by people who, still dazzled by the new light, press forward impatiently along paths which lead they know not where. These new elements include many unpleasing individuals who pour upon us, the veterans, violent abuse and suspicion. Kautsky has characterized excellently a new type, and one which is largely represented at present, which preaches the infallibility of ignorance, the superiority of obscure instinct over clear enlightened reason.

To sum up, the Social Democratic party must cling to the principle of democracy, and defend it against all attack. It must represent in a practical manner the interests of all classes of brain workers and manual laborers. Representing these interests, it must be a Socialist party, not seeking to impose Socialism by force from without upon the economic system, but developing it from within by methodical experiment, sustained, not by the desire to prove an intellectual theory right, but by love for the working classes and the desire for their practical benefit. For Socialism is not an end in itself, but a means of helping suffering humanity. This is the doctrine whose truth we must bring home to the people, leaving all else for time, our ally, to accomplish. But we can only perform these tasks, which our domestic policy demands of us, if our relationships with other countries permit of it. The whole world, not only the German people, is to-day crying aloud for a just and lasting peace, and the whole world is agreed that it is not to be found in the decisions of the Council of Four. You will understand that it is not easy for me to speak on this subject at a moment when resolutions so difficult and so momentous are being shaped. But this I can and must say: Nothing in the world shall prevent us, the Social Democratic party, from laboring for a just peace and a right adjustment of international relationships, until our aim is attained. It is an error on the part of our opponents if they think that developments which have their origin in the forces of necessity can be arrested by a few strokes of the pen.

In spite of the present, I look confidently to the future. Our nation will not go under, and by providing for its self-preservation it will not make other nations poorer or weaker, but stronger and richer. It will not serve the world by its labor as the helot of foreign capitalists, but as an equal among equals. This is our wish, which no power in the world can prevent our obtaining. We have sought negotiations in Versailles, man to man, and before the Areopagus of nations, not in order to chaffer and haggle, but in order to find reconciliation and agreement. We were and are ready to make to this end every sacrifice of our national strength which we could

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make without fundamentally destroying it. Our opponents thought that they could meet us with commands, just as our internal opponents, the German politician generals, thought they could do to Russia, until they discovered that power is transient. Power passes: Right endures! That must be our principle. In this sense I should like to make the following statement: We made our peace offers, not because we feared ourselves to be weak before the strong, but because we had come to realize that not all the demands of our enemies are unjustified. I do not hesitate to declare here that even if the enemy had no more soldiers and no more bullets, we should more than ever be bound to restore devastated France and Belgium. Could we ever take from our foreign frontier populations the liberty which we have granted them of choosing their own Fatherland? We call to those on the other side: We are ready to conclude a holy treaty with you — a treaty which is not imposed upon us by force, but to which our own free will leads us. This treaty shall give you all the rights which you could claim for yourselves before the world. It shall offer every security for a lasting peace; it shall end the last war of the world as the first honest peace proposal in history. Your armed power can no longer procure you right; it can only do wrong. Unarmed and powerless ourselves, supported by nothing but our right, we stand before you and call to you: 'Put down your arms! No war of nations, no civil war! Equal right for the nations, equal right for every member of the state! Back to peaceful work, to the joy of labor, to the prospect of well-planned reconstruction. It was a war of all against all, but now it is not all against one another, but all for one another. In such wise does the peace of Socialism come, and thus does the new world issue from chaos. This gigantic struggle cannot end in one militarism putting its foot on the neck of another, in one capitalism wrenching the whip from the hand of another, only to swing it itself, but in replacing principles that have been realized to be false by right ones, and in the victory of the working class policy over that of the old régime, in the overthrow of the old conditions of power and the substitution of new conditions of justice in their place. This is the fight which we German Social Democrats intend to continue in peace with peaceful methods. The defeat which ended this war means the end of the old powers, and no god can bring these to life again. It cannot mean the end of the history of a nation, whose powers of reconstruction are indestructible. In this sense our cry is now: We are beaten. Well and good. But now up and forward! Forward to victory!

The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

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TEXT OF THE PROPOSED TREATY FOR THE DEFENSE OF FRANCE

I. AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND FRANCE

II. AGREEMENT BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE

[EDITORIAL NOTE: The text of this important treaty, together with the British preamble thereto, is still unfamiliar to Americans, and difficult to get in convenient form.]

I. *Agreement between the United States of America and France*

WHEREAS, the United States of America and the French Republic are equally animated by the desire to maintain the peace of the world, so happily restored by the Treaty of Peace, signed at Versailles on the 28th day of June, 1919, putting an end to the war begun by the aggression of the German Empire, and ended by the defeat of that Power; and, *whereas*, the United States of America and the French Republic are fully persuaded that an unprovoked movement of aggression by Germany against France would not only violate both the letter and the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles, to which the United States of America and the French Republic are parties, thus exposing France anew to the intolerable burdens of an unprovoked war, but that such aggression on the part of Germany would be, and is, so regarded by the Treaty of Versailles, as a hostile act against all the Powers signatory to that treaty, and as calculated to disturb the peace of the world by involving inevitably the states of Europe, and, indirectly, as experience has amply and, unfortunately, demonstrated, the world at large; and, *whereas*, the United States of America and the French Republic fear that the stipulations relating to the left bank of the Rhine contained in the said Treaty of Versailles may not at first provide adequate security and protection to France on the one hand, and the United States of America, as one of the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles, on the other;

Therefore, the United States of America and the French Republic, having decided to conclude a treaty to effect these necessary purposes, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, and Robert Lansing, Secretary of State of the United States of America, specially authorized thereto by the President of the United States of America; and Georges Clemenceau, President of the Council, Minister of War, and Stephen Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, specially authorized thereto by Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic, have agreed upon the following articles:

Article 1. In case the following stipulations relating to the left bank of the Rhine, contained in the Treaty of Peace with Germany, signed at Versailles, on the 28th day of June, 1919, by the United States of America, the government of the French Re-

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public, the British Empire and other powers,

Article 42. Germany is forbidden to maintain or construct any fortification, either on the left bank of the Rhine or on the right bank, to the west of a line drawn fifty kilometres to the east of the Rhine.

Article 43. In the area defined above, the maintenance and assembly of armed forces, either permanently or temporarily, and military manœuvres of any kind, as well as the upkeep of all permanent works for mobilization, are, in the same way, forbidden.

Article 44. In case Germany violates in any manner the provisions of Articles 42 and 43, she shall be regarded as committing a hostile act against the Powers signatory of the present treaty, and as calculated to disturb the peace of the world.

may not at first prove adequate security and protection to France, the United States agrees to come immediately to her assistance in the event of any unprovoked movement of aggression against her being made by Germany.

Article 2. The present treaty, in similar terms with the treaty of even date for the same purpose concluded between the French Republic and the British Empire, a copy of which treaty is annexed hereto, will only come into force when the latter is ratified.

Article 3. The present treaty must be submitted to the Council of the League of Nations, acting, if need be, by a majority, as an engagement which is consistent with the Covenant of the League. It will continue in force until, on the application of one of the parties to it the council, acting, if need be, by a majority, agrees that the League itself affords sufficient protection.

Article 4. The treaty is to be submitted to the Senate of the United States at the same time as the Treaty of Versailles is submitted to the Senate for its advice and consent to ratification, and to the French Chamber of Deputies for approval. The ratifications will be exchanged on the deposit of ratifications of the Treaty of Versailles at Paris, or as soon thereafter as shall be possible.

In witness whereof, the respective plenipotentiaries, *to wit:*

For the French Republic, Georges Clemenceau, President of the Council of Ministers, Minister of War, and Stephen Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs; and for the United States of America, Woodrow Wilson, President, and Robert Lansing, Secretary of State of the United States of America, have signed the preceding articles, drawn up in English and in French, and have attached their seals thereto. Done in duplicate, in the city of Versailles, on the 28th day of the month of June of the year of grace 1919, and the hundred-and-forty-third year of the independence of the United States of America.

CLEMENCEAU	WOODROW WILSON
S. PICHON	ROBERT LANSING

II. *Agreement between Great Britain and France*

Whereas, there is danger that the stipulations relating to the left bank of the Rhine contained in the Treaty of Peace signed this day at Versailles may not at first provide adequate security and protection to the French Republic; and, *whereas*, His Britannic Majesty is willing, subject to consent of his Parliament, and provided that a similar obligation is entered into by the United States of America, to undertake to support the French Government in the case of an unprovoked movement of

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aggression being made against France by Germany; and, *whereas*, His Britannic Majesty and the President of the French Republic have determined to conclude a treaty to that effect, and have appointed, to this end, as plenipotentiaries, *to wit:* The President of the French Republic, M. Georges Clemenceau, President of the Council, Minister of War; M. Stephen Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs; His Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, Emperor of India; the Right Honorable David Lloyd George, M.P., First Lord of his Treasury and Prime Minister; the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour, O.M., M.P., his Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who, having communicated their full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed as follows:

(Substituting the words '*Great Britain*' for 'the United States of America,' Articles 1, 42, 43, 44, 2, and 3 of the British Pact are identical with those of the American treaty.)

Le Figaro, July 3

Article 4. The present treaty, before its ratification by His Britannic Majesty, shall be submitted to Parliament for approbation. It will be submitted to the French Chambers before its ratification by the President of the French Republic.

Article 5. The present treaty shall impose no obligation on any of the Dominions of the British Empire, unless it be approved by the Parliament of the Dominion involved.

The present treaty shall be ratified, and except articles 2 and 4, shall come in force at the same time that the Treaty of Peace with Germany of the same date shall come in force for the French Republic and the British Empire.

In witness whereof, the undersigned plenipotentiaries have signed the present treaty written in English and in French.

Done in duplicate at Versailles on the 28th day of June, 1919.

CLEMENCEAU — D. LLOYD GEORGE
STEPHEN PICHON — ARTHUR J. BALFOUR

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MR. LENNOX ROBINSON'S NEW PLAY

BY DESMOND MacCARTHY

Mr. Lennox Robinson's play at the Court Theatre is about Ireland. There are two separate interests running through *The Lost Leader*. One is the development of an extraordinary situation, full of possibilities of tragic ambiguity; the other is political, and springs from the author's devotion to Ireland. The first act is quite admirable — enthralling. Afterward, eagerness to impart a true view of Ireland's destiny runs off with the dramatist. At the end of the first act there was, as you will see, a choice before him. The situation he has created forked there; he chose the wrong path.

Now, imagine yourself in a very remote part of Ireland, in the shabby parlor of what was once a small country house and is now an inn, occasionally frequented by a few sportsmen for the sake of fishing. Supper is over and the three visitors are chatting together. One is an Irish neighbor, who has known the people of the house (an old man and his niece) since he was a boy; another is a nerve doctor taking his holiday; and the third is a young London journalist. Mr. Miles Malleson plays this little part very skillfully, and the doctor's (Mr. Arthur Whitby's) voice and manner are individual and arresting. The conversation is casual; presently it turns toward medical psychology, directed by the curiosity of the journalist, who has just the smattering of knowledge you would expect of him. And while they are talking the old man of the house, who used to spend all his days fishing and shooting alone, and now caters for visitors, comes in with a fly he has made. 'I think they ought to rise to that,' he says, laying it on the table; 'there is a little touch of orange in it.' He is a noticeable old man, once tall, now bent, of noble ravaged handsomeness, with a look of incurable melancholy on his face. 'I am sure that man dreams,' says the specialist when the door is closed again. He has evidently attracted the attention of the two strangers before this: the doctor's, as being perhaps 'a case'; the journalist's, because there is something queer — romantic? — impressive? — about him. He is so quiet; yet he has an air of being a violent man. Story of some sort such a man must surely have. Perhaps he has been hiding here for years after some crime? Perhaps the doctor's intuition is correct? The Irish neighbor is not very forthcoming about him. He even seems a little reluctant to admit that, if you go back years and years, you do touch something of a mystery. For all that is known about him is that his brother (the father of the girl) brought him down one day, and he has remained here ever since — fishing, shooting, walking alone. It was only when the brother died the house became an inn. He is, perhaps, a little odd. Then, since dreams have been mentioned, the conversation veers to mesmerism and sleep; and the doctor, to satisfy the journalist's curiosity, holds up a shilling and tells him to stare at it; speaking to him, while he stares, of sleep, and things which suggest repose. While this harmless demonstration is going on, old Lenihan comes in to draw the curtains. His attention is at once arrested by the doctor's smooth, authoritative voice discoursing about sleep; and quietly, unseen by the others, whose backs are turned to him, he draws a chair to the table, fixing his eyes upon the silver disc with starving intensity (Mr. Norman McKinnel acts this well), as though, unimaginably tired, he had often longed for forgetfulness and

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sleep. The smooth, authoritative voice discourses on and the journalist begins to nod. Suddenly he snatches himself back, exclaims 'By Jove! I was nearly off!' and laughs. But old Lenihan *is* off; he is asleep when they notice him, his head in his arms upon the table. For a moment they gaze at him with astonishment; presently with a little pity. The doctor then proposes to secure a good night's rest for him by a post-hypnotic suggestion. He also (scientific curiosity) proposes to ask him, while he is still hypnotized, a few questions. To this the Irish sporting man rather agitatedly objects. (Is it because he dislikes meddling with the mind, or has long acquaintance with the family made him aware that they have something to conceal?) The doctor assures him that Lenihan will not remember or worry about anything when he wakes and so proceeds:

'Sit up.' The subject straightens himself.

'So you can't sleep, Mr. Lenihan?'

'No.'

'Why not? Why can't you sleep?'

'Because of my thoughts.'

'Your thoughts? Now, to-night, the moment your head touches the pillow, you *will* sleep, and without dreams. What are the thoughts which keep you awake? Look, we will bury them, here, now, one by one, in this box.' (He empties a cigar box and holds up a cigar between his fingers.) 'Now, what is your first thought?'

'A coffin.'

'Very well. Look, we bury it. We lay it there. Now the next. What is this?' (Taking up another cigar.)

'A woman.'

'Good. We bury her. She is in the coffin now.'

'No; she is alive.'

'Alive? Very good. There she is, then, beside the coffin. What is the third?'

'My false friends.'

'Ah, your false friends. See, we lay them there. And the next?'

'My name.'

At this point interest intensifies.

'And what is your name, Mr. Lenihan?'

'Charles Stewart Parnell.'

I have reproduced the dialogue which leads up to this amazing, or morbid, disclosure as closely as memory permits, and I have followed the whole act in some detail, in order to place the reader at the spot where the road the dramatist has already traveled divides in front of him; for I want the reader to put to himself this question: 'Supposing I had constructed that exciting situation, how should I go on?' Here you have an obscure old man who believes himself to be, so you discover on peeping into his mind, Ireland's 'lost leader.' It may be a delusion or it may be true. His age, the date at which he appeared in the neighborhood, his shy habits — perhaps his appearance — are consistent with the story he is subsequently to tell, namely, that he, Parnell, recovered from what the world believed to be his last illness; but rather than affront again the long humiliations and disappointments of his life, chose to accept the help of a friend, who arranged a bogus funeral and carried him off to end his days in peace. The people who are immediately affected by this discovery are: a journalist whose professional interest in sensation makes him at once believe and at once start spreading the story; a man of science in whose experience the dragging to light of a secret dream or delusion is a commonplace, and a young woman who is violently distressed by what has occurred, for 'her uncle's' sake. She *says* that she knew he was

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subject to this delusion, that it was for that reason they never took part in politics, and lived so much alone. Now he will be driven crazy by disputes and publicity. Is she telling the truth? Did her father lie to her? What does she believe herself? That is the situation already created; it is a most interesting one, and there are two lines along which it can be developed. One is to keep attention centred upon the old man and his relation to those nearest him — and whether he is Parnell or not, the possibilities of complications, of tragedy and pathos are almost equally various — the other is simply to treat him as a Parnell *redivivus* and to exhibit his relation to public opinion in Ireland. The choice is between personal and political drama. Mr. Robinson chose the latter, the less intense, the wrong alternative. Henceforward the points which interest the dramatist are: What would Parnell say *now* about the Irish question, and how would he be received if he came back to life? Of course, at first people would want to be quite certain this man was Parnell. Thus, in the second act, we are shown the local politicians hesitating to commit themselves. This, as you may suppose, is not very interesting. In the last act we hear Parnell haranguing the local Sinn Feiner, Unionist, Nationalist, Gombeen man, and the inn visitors on the top of a hill at sunset. It is an impassioned discourse on the soul of Ireland, on an ideal to which political changes and prosperity can only be humble means. The tone of it rouses the Gombeen man to fury, and in a quarrel between him and a half-daft, eyeless ballad singer (the one person who has hitherto proclaimed his recognition of Lenihan as Parnell), the latter strikes out blindly and hits 'the lost leader' a crash on the top of the skull. It is a dead or unconscious dying man who lies there when an old friend of Parnell's, arrived to test identity, stoops down to examine that face. 'He is very like him — it might be. I don't know.'

It was not so much for 'The Lost Leader' I grieved as for the lost play. Parnell's death was not significant of anything. It was just an accident that brought the curtain down. Mr. Robinson had no time to develop the relation of a leader with those views to existing parties in Ireland. It would have wanted all his three acts for that, and the fact that such a leader was Parnell himself come back from the dead would have added only an adventitious interest to the conflict. But there is a moral in his mistake, which is also an argument for giving Ireland her freedom. At present everybody in Ireland suffers from an inflamed national self-consciousness. They cannot get away from the subject of nationality and from grievances and disputes connected with it. They are—all—Gaels, Anglo-Irish, Ulstermen, authors, business men, artists, reformers, labor men, civil servants, idle men, squires, shopkeepers, inventors — all sick to death of it. The universal cry is, 'For God's sake let us settle it and get astride of our own proper business and interests.' Mr. Robinson, of course, could not escape the common fate. A man with the toothache cannot forget it. Yet to introduce a speech about the soul of Ireland, a speech which he would probably be the first to admit fell short of what he wished, he had to scrap his work as an artist. The central idea of his play became just a piece of machinery for getting an orator, whose views had nothing in common with the historic Parnell, on his feet.

The sad thing is that as an Irishman, writing at the present moment, he could not have done otherwise.

The New Statesman

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CHINESE LABORERS IN FLANDERS

BY F. A. V.

DURING the war a certain town in French Flanders was invaded by a horde of Chinese laborers. They wore blue quilted clothing, army boots, and conical fur-lined caps. A raw wind was blowing the fine rain into their tanned faces. They all looked cold and hungry.

Outside the town was a great assembly of bell tents, newly erected on a muddy field fenced in with barbed wire. A dozen Chinamen were shown into each tent by an English corporal and then left to do as they pleased. It was too wet and unpleasant to be in the open, so they just sat down on their haunches, forlorn and miserable. For a time nothing could be heard except a few brief snatches of whispered conversation. Then there was a sniff, and sniff was followed by sniff — some of them were actually weeping over their hard lot.

Suddenly, however, a blending of low, discordant wails came from one of the tents. Voices from other tents joined in, and the sound increased in volume. It was vaguely mournful, although it did not seem to correspond with any definite human emotion. It varied greatly in pitch, it rose and fell, and it even had a kind of rhythm. At first we were puzzled by the weird noise, and then we realized that it must be song. We were, indeed, listening to Chinese music — music that authorities on Eastern culture have praised as subtle and beautiful, though quite unintelligible to the uninitiated. It certainly was unintelligible.

So the poor exiles found consolation in song, and in time they got so used to their new existence that in later days they seemed to be always cheerful and animated.

For several months our company and a Chinese labor company worked together at a wood-yard and sawmill on the Belgian frontier. We called them 'Chinks,' and they called us 'Ingaleesha.' Friendly relations were soon established, although there was on our side a small hostile element, consisting of men who harbored an unreasoning prejudice against the yellow people and considered it degrading to work with a so-called 'inferior race.' Those who took this attitude lost much of the little fun and interest that relieved the dreary monotony of our own army life.

At first the easy familiarity of the Chinks was quite startling. I happened to be leaning against a wooden shed when one of them came up to me in the usual shuffling manner. No intention of any kind was expressed on his face, and, without saying a word, he unbuttoned my tunic pocket, took out my pocket-book, and examined my papers. Apparently he found nothing of any interest, so put the book back again, buttoned up the pocket, and shuffled off. Some time afterwards another Chink approached me in the same delightfully informal way. He took my glasses off my nose and put them on his own. He seemed to find them satisfactory, and evidently wishing to buy them, he asked me, 'How many flancs?' But I did not want to part with them for any number of 'flancs,' and conveyed as much to him. He looked at them for a moment, then carefully put them back on my nose, looked at them again, and walked off with affected unconcern.

The Chinks and ourselves would often collect in little groups and converse as best we could. One of the questions they invariably put was 'How many year?' meaning, 'How old are you?' We would answer either in the few words of Chinese we had picked up, or, more commonly, by indicating

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the number with our fingers. The Chinks seemed to attach great importance to the information supplied to them; they would discuss it among themselves in their rapid, sibilant patter, and then they would tell us their own ages in return. Another question they often asked was 'How many mada?' meaning, 'How many wives [madams] have you got?' We, of course, had either one or none at all, while they sometimes had 'thlee,' to their obvious pride and satisfaction.

Whether consciously or unconsciously, they assumed that all men were equal, and that other men were just other men and nothing more. Thus the artificial inequality due to army conditions filled them with hostility, a hostility they often expressed with great frankness. One day we were talking to some Chinks when one of them tapped me on the chest and said, with an emphatic shake of his head, 'You gooda.' I was a private, and he meant to say that there was nothing wrong with privates. Then he laid his two fingers flat on my upper arm to indicate the two stripes of a corporal, and said, 'No gooda.' Finally, he pointed to my shoulder to indicate the pip of an officer and said with solemn conviction, 'No blooda gooda.'

Their solidarity was astonishing. They were well treated, so that they had few grievances. Nevertheless, when they did have a grievance they acted as one man, and there was never a blackleg. One morning, when we were beginning our daily task in the wood yard, the Chinks arrived, a disorderly rabble, shouting and gesticulating. They were supposed to march in columns of fours, and as a rule that formation was just recognizable when they were on the road, though only just. This morning, however, there was no formation of any kind. They came on, a blue, seething mass, and poured into the yard.

We wondered what was the matter. Their English corporal told us that they had received no bread for breakfast, and this was the trouble. When they were all inside the yard, they were ordered to go to work. Neither commands bawled at them in the fiercest regimental manner, nor threats of punishment, nor promises of days off were of any avail. Instead of going to their work, they formed little groups and ran about in wild agitation. The Chinese word for food is 'chow-chow,' and amid the babel of excited talk we could continuously hear the defiant shout of 'No chow-chow, no work!' thus reversing the modern economic dictum 'No work, no food.'

At length the hubbub died down, and they dispersed or sat on their haunches and smoked. Another attempt was made to compel them to go to work, but in a moment they came running in from all quarters, and all was noise and confusion. Then they subsided once again, and finished their cigarettes while two of their cooks made tea, which was duly handed round. After an hour or two a G.S. wagon laden with loaves of bread arrived. These were cut up into quarters, and a quarter was given to each Chink. When every man had eaten his share, they all went off quietly.

Sometimes, when we were working with the Chinks, the spirit of rivalry manifested itself. Once we were unloading a train of short, thick, wooden planks and stacking them in the yard. We carried them in on our shoulders, two at a time. Suddenly one of our men appeared with three planks on his shoulder shouting, ' Chinese no gooda.' The challenge was accepted with alacrity, for a Chink appeared with four planks and shouted, 'Chineesha gooda, Ingaleesha no gooda.' He was followed

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by one of us with five planks on his shoulder, and it was 'Chinese no gooda' once again. Then came a Chink with six planks, but immediately afterwards a soldier came along with seven, looking very hot and uncomfortable beneath such a heavy load. We all shouted derisively, 'Chinese no gooda,' and there was a long pause, and we thought the victory was ours. But suddenly the Chinks burst into gleeful laughter and clapped their hands in mad excitement. We did not know what had happened, until we saw a Chink staggering under a kind of pagoda which his comrades had erected on his stalwart shoulders. It was built up of *sixteen* planks! Perspiring, breathing hard, and taking short, rapid steps, his pagoda on the verge of toppling over every instant, he reached the stack and then allowed the structure to collapse amid wild shouts of 'Chineesha gooda, Ingaleesha no gooda!'

It was a warm day, and none of us felt inclined to dispute the final verdict at this meeting of East and West.

The Manchester Guardian

'THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN'*

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

SINCERE believers in Christ's teaching have always been rare, but perhaps they are as common now as in any previous age. An unusual combination of qualities is necessary if a man is to find in the Gospels something like what Christ apparently meant to teach. There is needed, to begin with, the rare power of reading traditional and familiar words freshly, without allowing orthodox glosses to obscure their meaning. Perfect disinterestedness is required so far as temporal rewards are concerned, and no very strong desire for positive achievement in art or science or politics. Those who possess these preliminary qualifications must be able to complete them by belief in the reality of a transfigured world behind phenomena, such as all the great mystics have inhabited. This world Christ called the Kingdom of Heaven, and to it all His moral teaching is related.

Mr. Clutton-Brock is one of the few who, fulfilling these conditions, are able genuinely to believe what is officially professed throughout the Western world. To him the Kingdom of Heaven is the only true reality, and is only to be seen through conversion.

> The truth [he says] is to be known only by the converted mind; for that alone is capable of experiencing the Kingdom of Heaven, which is reality. The experience of the unconverted mind is not experience of reality at all, but only of certain fragments of reality never seen in their right relation to each other.

From this basis Mr. Clutton-Brock develops a mild English mysticism, showing the true spirit of statesmanlike compromise in the chapter on politics, which explains that religion is compatible with a citizen's duties, and loving one's neighbor affords no argument against killing him.

Mr. Clutton-Brock believes, if I have understood him rightly, that we shall perceive the Kingdom of Heaven about us as soon as we learn to view things otherwise than in a relation of use to ourselves. The mystic believes — and in this Mr. Clutton-Brock agrees with him — that his vision results from seeing things without the distorting mists of the Ego. To the skeptic it seems, on the contrary, that the mystic's view is, of all others, the most distorted by emotions of the Self; that the characteristics which the mystic finds in all that is real are only the

* *What Is the Kingdom of Heaven?* By A. Clutton-Brock. Methuen. 5*s*. net.

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reflection of his own feeling, like the universal blueness of the world when one is wearing blue spectacles; and that, as Kant taught, the elements shared by everything we experience are the elements contributed by ourselves. Mr. Clutton-Brock appeals to such things as 'the certainty we feel when we experience fully a great work of art.' No one ever experienced this certainty more completely than Haydon in regard to his own pictures; yet we all believe he was mistaken. Subjective certainty is terribly delusive; and among the most delusive of subjective certainties is the belief that mysticism springs from unbiased contemplation of the world.

From the philosophical point of view, one of the essentials of mysticism, when it is less modest than Mr. Clutton-Brock's, is the belief that knowledge is obtained, not by a study of the object, but by inducing a certain mood in the subject. The man who is not a mystic or a skeptic believes that by studying objects he can acquire a certain amount of information about them, all of it subject to a risk of error, but in some cases only to a very small risk. He believes that, for the study of objects, it is not necessary to be in a certain emotional state, but only to have the normal degree of receptivity to impressions. If, however, he is a student of physiology and psychology, he is aware that various abnormal states diminish receptivity, and at the same time enormously enhance the subjective certainty of what appear to be impressions. He knows that those who drink too much see snakes, while those who eat too little see angels. But he finds no reason to believe in the snakes or the angels, except as subjective phenomena, because they are not seen by other observers in a normal condition.

Ordinary men, in ordinary moods, are willing to face the fact that there is some risk of error in all our beliefs, and are able to see that this fact does not mean that it is foolish to believe anything. Hallucinations and delusions occur, but they occur discoverably and rarely; they do not prevent the probability that what we see and hear is really taking place. In certain men and certain moods, however, there is a craving for certainty, a horror of the mere possibility of error. This is part of the longing for security, which is one of the weaknesses into which we are led by timidity. There is no way of eliminating all risk, and those who try hardest succeed least. Under the influence of the mystic vision, we *feel* quite certain that we know, and that all risk of error has been eliminated. But we find just the same subjective certainty where it is demonstrably mistaken. The Germans, at first, were sure they would win the war, because otherwise life would have been too painful. It was emotion, not study of the circumstances, that produced their certainty; and it is emotion that produces the mystic's certainty.

Mr. Clutton-Brock regards every man as an absolute skeptic who mistrusts generalizations about the universe, that is, who thinks that the way to find out about things is to look at them, rather than to work one's self up into a certain frame of mind. By speaking in this way he produces an appearance of inconsistency in those who disagree with him; for, having first dubbed them skeptics, he then shows that they, nevertheless, believe various things.

> There are [he says] skeptical philosophers who tell us most convincingly what we are not to believe; who do most heroically resist their own will to believe. Mr. Bertrand Russell, for instance, watches for the will to believe like a terrier at a rat-hole. He will prove to you that the very hypotheses on which science is supposed to be based, such

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as the hypothesis of causation, mean nothing at all. He is forever facing bravely the truth that there is no meaning in anything.

But skeptics are not consistent, he tells us: they yield to the will to believe in one direction.

Their one article of faith is, in fact, the capacity of the reason to be converted. Man, utterly animal or even mechanical in all else, is capable of feats of pure reason in discrediting himself and all his beliefs. As his reason becomes more and more converted, he becomes more and more skeptical.

To deal with such criticisms, it is necessary first of all to take them out of their rhetorical dress. We must get rid of the 'all or nothing' frame of mind. Take, for example, the law of causality. Like all other laws in science it requires fresh formulations from time to time, both through increased knowledge of phenomena and through improved delicacy of analysis. Fresh formulations do not prove that the old law was worthless, or that it did not contain a measure of truth; they prove only that it is now possible to approach nearer to a true formulation, though it is very unlikely that perfect truth is attainable. To say, as Mr. Clutton-Brock does, that such arguments amount to the contention that law of causality 'means nothing at all,' is mere groundless rhetoric.

The next step is to get rid of such abstractions as 'reason' and 'the will to believe,' and to return to a commonsense study of our means of knowing. Some of our beliefs are verifiable by observation, others are not; experience shows that the verifiable beliefs are more apt to prove true when they spring from study of the object than when they are based on emotion. The general nature of the universe is a matter as to which our beliefs are not verifiable by observation, since the tiny observable sample of the universe may be peculiarly unfortunate. We may have got the one bad strawberry in the basket, the one rotten egg out of the dozen, the one tin that gives us ptomaine poisoning. The rest of the universe may be as delightful as the optimists say it is. We cannot, therefore, test the relative advantages of observation and emotion in the case of beliefs about the universe at large.

Let us take a more homely illustration. Suppose you are waiting for your bus, which is one of several kinds that pass the place where you are waiting. You see a bus coming in the distance, but you cannot yet see what sort it is. The person whom Mr. Clutton-Brock calls a skeptic will suspend judgment until he can see the number of the bus. The person who follows Mr. Clutton-Brock's precepts will persuade himself that he knows and loves the bus on its own account, and not merely on account of its uses; hence he will conclude, in a glow of optimism, that it *must* be the right bus, and will get in without troubling to verify his belief. His procedure is comfortable at the moment, but it may ultimately land him in quite the wrong place.

The view which I am calling 'scientific' is not one which says that all knowledge is impossible, unless by 'knowledge' you mean something absolute, infallible, and incapable of increased exactitude. The view which I call scientific holds that knowledge of objects is to be derived from study of the objects, or (if they are not amenable to direct observation) by inference from objects that can be observed, the inference being of a sort that has been frequently verified in experience. Neither the study nor the inference will be infallible, but experience shows that, by due care, knowledge so obtained can be much more often right than wrong in the expectations that it raises. Experience also shows that very strong emotions as

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regards the object are apt, in verifiable cases, to interfere with observation, and to produce beliefs which turn out to be false. Strong emotions produce a feeling of certainty which subsequent experience shows to be fallacious. Many men went into the war with the certainty that they would survive; many others with the certainty that they would not. But death paid no heed to these certainties.

All this is so much a matter of commonplace that one would be ashamed to repeat it if it were not ignored. Coming at last to the application, it is clear that Mr. Clutton-Brock's certainty about the Kingdom of Heaven is of the same nature as a soldier's certainty that he will not be killed: it is an objectification of emotion, not an observation of visible fact. To the mystic, of course, it appears to be observation; so do snakes to the drunkard. But the reasons which induce the outsider to dissent are similar in the two cases. We hesitate to draw the parallel, because what the mystic tells us is pleasant and his life is virtuous; but these are scientifically irrelevant considerations.

The supposed skepticism of those whom Mr. Clutton-Brock criticizes amounts only to the very simple maxim that the way to know about people and things is to study them, not to sit down and feel emotions about them. A man in love is not supposed to be the best judge of the character of the object of his passion; and a mystic is a man in love with the universe. The universe may, by good luck, deserve his commendations. But the method by which he arrives at them is one which, where it can be tested, is found to lead to error much more often than to truth; therefore, cool reflection gives no reason to trust the method where no test is possible.

The Athenæum

SELBORNE REVISITED

BY H. MASSINGHAM

If a man, be he ornithologist and lover, wishes to get the feel of Gilbert White and Selborne, let him read Mr. W. H. Hudson's account of his first visit to this remote little Hampshire village. Mr. Hudson sat under that famous, patriarchal yew in the churchyard, and there, not the ghost, but a kind of earthly emanation, a faint surviving image of the man, appeared to him. The two conversed and compared notes, the eighteenth century questioning, the twentieth responding. And this duet is an incomparable piece of prose, by which we are made to comprehend what is hidden, in the difference between the eighteenth century and the modern attitude to nature, to all but imagination. Nor, in a few lines, could the intimate personality of the gentle, domestic, old scholar of nature be more completely and magically summoned out of the past. When, therefore, I set out for Selborne over the high tableland from Petersfield through Froxfield and East Tisted, I felt I was doing the best I could for the emotional promise of the day by keeping an attentive eye for the birds in my neighborhood and an attentive inward ear for that refined and spiritualized conversation, like the vivid though leisurely intonations of two blackbirds. I was glad to find the yellow-hammer common along the hedgerows, for he is a favorite of mine, and I wasted a good deal of time watching them singing their little hymns of praise, like a sighing gust of wind among tall grasses, beaks comically lifted to heaven and golden heads shining in the sun. It is a curious thing that White never distinguished between the yellow and the much rarer cirl bunting. Here, too, turtledoves had settled for the sum-

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mer and their low, tremulous croodling notes accompanied me for a couple of miles. They have a bewitching love-flight, sailing down to earth, with arched wings and expanded white-barred tails, in a slanting glide, that makes the curves of Milo's Venus look insignificant. There were several pairs of lapwings building in the fields, and I once turned aside to try and find a nest, not because I cared whether I found it or not, but simply for the pleasure of having their company in a world where the wild birds shun our presence as Coleridge's walker fled the 'fearful fiend, that close behind him treads.' So I walked about, enjoying the unique sensation of these glorious birds following me all over the field, flying close round my head, and displaying the utmost anxiety and fearlessness. But at last I grew ashamed of getting my pleasure at the expense of a noble passion and slunk off, being seen safely and some distance off the premises by the outraged tenants. So I jogged along that lavish and varied though never grand country; finding both whitethroats, the lesser just as demonstrative and excitable as his cousin, and singing his garrulous warble (like the chaffinch's without the upward note at the end, and shriller and more piercing), with crest raised, body shaken, and throat puffed out in the fine frenzy of melody; hearing an occasional blackcap and garden warbler, and seeing two or three jays and magpies, loveliest of all the feathered outcasts — until I arrived at the long, winding street of Selborne village.

The first thing I did was to climb the 'zigzag' (constructed in White's time) of Selborne Hangar, to wander on the common. Birds do not frequent the beech which White called 'the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs,' for the simple reason that its woods permit no undergrowth, and nowadays there are no honey-buzzards (as there were in his) to build upon the canopy of foliage. But there were none on the common, the wildest, most desolate, and untamed land, commanding many a fine prospect of the irregular, rolling, fecund Hampshire country. It was a paradise for birds, with wide spaces, isolated trees, thick matted undergrowth of bramble and furze and thorn, and, indeed, every variety of unclipped, untended bush and little areas of bracken and grassland. Yet in this seventh heaven for feathered cherubs, I heard but the commonest songs and saw but three birds — a swallow, a jay, and a hen blackbird. True, I found a throstle's nest, and that went some way toward compensating me. How wonderfully beautiful the eggs are in their natural home — little blue oval skies, powdered at the poles with black stars and with a greenish tinge over the blue, as if the earth had stained the heavens! In the collector's cabinet they look and are no more than pebbles or colored marbles. So I made haste to avoid the bitterness which a realization of the steady decline in wild-bird life always brings, and set off down the pretty village street for the Plestor, the little square with the sycamore which has supplanted 'the vast oak, the delight of young and old,' overturned by a tempest in 1703. Thence into the churchyard, keeping the eyes resolutely turned away from 'The Wakes,' which now looks like a suburban residence of London. Well, thank God for the churchyard and the mossy-girthed yew and the cypresses and the squat, square tower of the church. Thank, too, the blessed spirit of the place which hides the small leaning gravestone of Gilbert White with long, waving grasses. That stone, with 'G. W.' upon it and the dates of his

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birth and death, is still inviolate, and no progressive person has stood over it and exclaimed: 'What needs my Gilbert for his honored bones?'— while the affrighted familiars of the spirit shrieked and departed. But all the screams I heard were the soft, inflected ones of the greenfinches, varied with their delightful fluttering song. In the big sycamore, where, Mr. Hudson tells us, he saw the cirl bunting (I saw him on the way home), the 'ecclesiastical daw' was building and the hole was so small that the female took half a minute to squeeze herself through. Lower down on the same tree, a fly-catcher had its perch, and repeatedly swung off it to round up a fly in a sweeping curve and return. In White's time, twelve pairs of swifts circled the tower; when Mr. Hudson went to Selborne, it was eight, and I saw but two, though this year swifts outnumber both swallows and house martins put together. It made me uncomfortable to think what White would feel about our dwindling 'hirundines,' dwindling so surely year by year, now that the French, Spaniards, and Italians have found a new and improved method of taking them on migration, so that the security and quietude of that old churchyard seemed menaced and ruffled, and I left it.

I went home by the Liss main road. Every half minute or so, motor cars passed by in a convulsion of stinks, dust, whir, and hoots. In the middle of the road, perfectly quiet and composed, stood a little bird, uttering every few seconds a subdued, pensive, sorrowful little twitter. Whenever a motor squealed by, it fluttered under the very wheels into a near holly-bush, and when the clamor had subsided, flew down again into the same place, uttering that plaintive call. I was astounded when I recognized the shy goldfinch. So I walked up to where it stood (it was a male), and there I found the body of another goldfinch — not a body, but a shell, all that was left being the outer skin clothed in faded feathers. It had been dead several days. I took the bird and laid it in some long grass by the roadside, and as soon as I had turned my back, the live bird flew down from the holly and perched beside the grass, uttering his mournful, scarce audible little requiem. Then at last did I understand that strange talk between the two naturalists in Selborne churchyard, now that nature had shown me this mystery and wonder.

The Nation

THE MISADVENTURES OF LIEUTENANT FREDERICK

According to the illustrated papers, one half of feminine England is arrayed at the present time in bathing costumes, and the other half parades the piers and promenades in dresses that closely resemble them. Very interesting and illuminating these pictures. But I would commend to the notice of the photographic press the fact that, having a very serviceable strip of ocean at our disposal, we on this side are also in a position to show some excellent lines in natatory wear. A snapshot of the troops' tubbing parade at eighteen hours, with Frederick in attendance as O.C. bathing, would, I am convinced, promote the circulation of these popular organs.

Why a quite good subaltern like Frederick was selected for the duty is hard to guess. Possibly it was thought that with the advent of the Channel swimming season certain other ranks might be tempted to simplify the machinery of demobilization by making a bee-line for the cliffs of Albion, leaving a derelict suit of khaki on the coast of France. Or perhaps those high in

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authority considered that the spectacle of Frederick loafing round the huts made the camp look untidy, and devised this pretext for finding him honest employment. At all events they sent for him.

'In future,' said they, 'bathing will be a voluntary parade, under the control of an officer. That officer will be yourself. The times will be 6.30 till 7.30 each morning' (Frederick shuddered), '17 to 19 o'clock each evening' (another shudder), 'and Saturday and Sunday afternoons' (convulsive tremors). 'You will be required to arrange that the tide is up at those hours, that the troops do not go beyond the limits assigned to them, and that no unauthorized jelly-fishes or crustaceans are allowed on the portion of the beach under your command. That is all, thank you.'

Thereafter, Frederick might be seen gloomily pacing the sands that an even greater soldier had trodden a century before.

'What annoys me about the whole footling business is the fact that it is n't military operations at all,' he said in confidence to Percival. 'It's really naval work. Suppose one of my swimmers gets out of control and threatens to ram a passing vessel; I don't know the nautical drill for warning the skipper to get his torpedo nets out.'

'Some people are never satisfied,' replied Percival unfeelingly. 'Here you are, with nothing to do but pace the yellow sands, bask in the sunshine, and watch the innocent sport of the troops, and yet you grouse about it.'

'Yes,' responded Frederick, 'it's the innocent sportiveness of the troops that puts the last touch of joy into the picture. It was their innocent sportiveness that made them dump an old suit of khaki on the beach the other day, and when I found it after they had all gone I nearly issued a Casualty Report and fixed up a Court of Inquiry before I tumbled to it that I had been had.' And, with hatred in his soul, salt in his throat, and sand in his eyes, he resumed his weary perambulation until the hour of 19.00 should secure his release.

It was now 18.50, and at that precise moment Brigadier-General Breechblock, who had recently arrived and occupied a billet on the sea front, from which it was possible to observe the troops bathing, decided that it would be pleasurable to himself and helpful to morale if he were to join them.

The Brigadier, I may observe, is an impressive spectacle, being so lavishly decorated that it is necessary for him to do chest-expansion exercises each morning to maintain the frontal accommodation required for his polychromatic display of ribbons. His dazzle dado exceeds in richness and area anything to be found in Northern France. It is said that whenever a new decoration is being issued the great ones immediately send round to Brigadier Breechblock, asking him to drop in for a cup of tea and an O.K. or a G.P.O., or whatever it is that they happen to be pushing at the moment. So that the honor conferred on the troops by the Brigadier voluntarily mingling in the same sea with them was immense.

Now it happened that Frederick knew not the Brigadier, and, though one is loath to make the admission, it is a fact that Brigadiers in bathing costumes are much as other men. So when at 18.57 o'clock Frederick saw a portly soldier shed an old mackintosh on the beach and proceed to attack an incoming wave his heart surged with bitterness against the laggard who came to prolong his vigil.

'Hi, there!' he shouted. 'Where are you going?'

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His destination being obvious, the Brigadier made no response.

'You know well enough you must n't bathe after 19.00 o'clock,' cried Frederick wrathfully. 'Come out of it!'

The Brigadier surveyed Frederick in bewilderment. 'Do you know who I am?' he said at length.

'No,' answered Frederick, 'and I don't care. I suppose you think because you are a quartermaster-sergeant or something you can do as you bally well like. But I'll show you!'

The Brigadier was thunderstruck. He, a quartermaster-sergeant! It was necessary that this presumptuous subaltern should be crushed.

'It may interest you to know,' he said, dropping his thunderbolt, 'that I am Brigadier-General Breechblock.'

'Oh, are you?' replied Frederick, still living; 'well, I'm Duggie Haig, and if you don't come out immediately I'll put you under arrest for disobeying orders and for insolence to an officer.'

The stripes on the Brigadier's bathing costume quivered with suppressed passion.

'I'll give you one chance,' continued Frederick. 'Come out at once or I'll throw your old mackintosh into the sea and keep you there till the tide goes out.'

They stood glaring at each other, two strong men at grips, till Frederick felt a twitch at his elbow and heard a hoarse whisper behind him. It was Percival.

'You fatuous ass,' he said, 'run for your life — dive down a drain — do anything desperate — but you disappear. It's a sure-enough Brig. you've got to do with!'

And this is why Frederick has volunteered for the Murman Coast, and the Brigadier has ordered a complete new set of medal ribbons for attachment to his bathing costume.

Punch

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THE LEARNED MRS. CARTER

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S crayon drawing at the National Portrait Gallery represents Mrs. Carter as a benignant old lady with downcast eyes, in a white muslin 'mob' with a broad scarlet ribbon. In Mackenzie's engraving of the cameo in wax which was modeled by Joachim Smith for Lady Charlotte Finch, one of Mrs. Carter's many friends, she is shown with the clear-cut profile of a dignified and handsome woman; and this is affirmed by her nephew and executor to be 'a very good and striking likeness.' Here she wears an elaborate round-eared lace headdress. To supplement these apparently conflicting similitudes, we may reproduce the written snapshot of a contemporary who met Mrs. Carter, in 1785, at one of Mrs. Vesey's assemblies. 'She seems about sixty [she was really sixty-eight] and is rather fat; she is no way striking in her appearance, and was dressed in a scarlet gown and petticoat, with a plain undress cap and perfectly flat head. A small work-bag was hanging at her arm, out of which she drew some knitting as soon as she was seated; but with no fuss or airs. She entered into the conversation with that ease which persons have when both their thoughts and words are at command, and with no toss of the head, no sneer, no emphatic look, in fact no affected consequence of any kind.' To this should be prefixed Miss Burney's vignette at Bath five years earlier. 'She [Mrs. Carter] is really a noble-looking woman; I never saw age so graceful in the female sex yet; her whole face seems to beam with goodness, piety, and philanthropy.'

Miss Alice Gaussen, Mrs. Carter's latest biographer, from whom the first quoted passage is borrowed, frankly confesses that her heroine's life has no story. This is so, though Miss Gaussen has gallantly done her best to disprove it. Elizabeth, or Eliza, Carter was born at Deal on December 16, 1717, being the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D., Perpetual Curate of Deal Chapel, and one of the six preachers at Canterbury Cathedral. Elizabeth's mother, Dr. Carter's first wife, was the only daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne of Bere Regis in Dorset. The greater part of the considerable fortune she brought her husband disappeared with the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, a disaster which is supposed to have induced, or promoted, the decline of which she eventually died, when Elizabeth was about ten years old.

Dr. Carter was an accomplished Greek, Latin, and Hebrew scholar, who acted as preceptor to his children. His daughter seems early to have formed the desire to follow in his steps; but her initial efforts were not equal to her aspirations. She was at first as preternaturally slow and dull as Goldsmith; so much so, indeed, that her despondent parent repeatedly exhorted her to desist from what he regarded as an unsound ambition. But by dint of early rising and dogged perseverance, combined with such extraneous aids to erudition as wet towels, coffee, green tea, and snuff (all of which are speci-

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fied), she gradually overcame her native disabilities, although, in the process, she probably laid the foundation of the distressing chronic headaches which lasted her lifetime.

Her tastes were primarily linguistic. French she acquired *au fond* from a refugee Huguenot pastor at Canterbury with whom she boarded for a twelvemonth; while in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew her father instructed her in common with her brothers. Spanish, Italian, and German she taught herself, going on in later life to learn something of Portuguese and finally of Arabic. As a linguist she put the spirit above the letter, professing to care little for grammar, though, as a matter of fact, in this respect she was more fully equipped than she pretended. Johnson, at all events, placed her very high among contemporary Grecians, since he once said of an unnamed though celebrated scholar (Dr. Birkbeck Hill says, 'perhaps Langton'), that 'he understood Greek better than anyone whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter'; and it is on record that she once effectively confuted Archbishop Secker with regard to a Greek construction. Language, however, did not wholly absorb her youthful energies. She was very fond of mathematics, history, and geography — ancient geography in particular. 'She was, literally' — says her first biographer — 'better acquainted with the meanderings of the Peneus and the course of the Ilissus, than she was with those of the Thames or Loire' — a perverted proficiency, which, according to a well-known anecdote, should have earned her the sympathy of Charles Lamb. In addition, she was especially partial to astronomy and astrology. Music, too, attracted her. She played, not very successfully by her own account, on the spinet as well as on that eighteenth-century corrective to melancholy, the German flute. She dabbled also in drawing and painting.

All this intense application, abstruse and otherwise, was, it must be confessed, not undiversified by lighter distractions. Besides being unpretentious, she was cheerful and agreeable, qualities which speedily made her a desirable inmate of many county houses; and she often paid long winter visits to relatives in London, where she soon found admiring friends. Nor, notwithstanding a serious cast of mind, were her tastes inexorably ascetic. At Deal she was accustomed to vary her desk work (as Dickens did) by vigorous walking exercise; and, as a classic, must have interpreted the Horatian *neque tu choreas sperne* as applicable to both sexes, since, for a time at least, her unexpended vitality found its escape in energetic dancing. She speaks, on one occasion, of having walked three miles in a high wind, danced nine hours, and then walked home again. After thus 'playing the rake,' as she calls it, it is not surprising to find that she took part, with her brothers and sisters, in a performance of *Cato* (presumably the memorable work of Mr. Joseph Addison), the title rôle being *read* by her father — nay, that once, when Canterbury went stage mad, she even acted a king and wore a sword.

When she was nearing twenty, she seems to have had some prospect of a court appointment — a prospect which not unnaturally found favor with her father. Recognizing, with Marcus Aurelius and Matthew Arnold, that 'even in a palace life may be led well,' he wrote to her from Bath an elegant Latin epistle expressing his concurrence. But, apart from the preliminary study of German which he enjoined, the plan apparently came to nothing; and with it, due allowance being made for different temperaments,

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the chances of a familiar record corresponding to, if not rivaling, the picturesque Kew and Windsor pages of Fanny Burney's *Diary*.

Some time in the following year, however, she issued privately, as a quarto of twenty-four pages, a selection from some of the occasional verses she had contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* since 1734, under the signature of 'Eliza.' The pamphlet had no author's or publisher's name; but it manifestly came from the press of Edward Cave, since there was a cut of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, on the title page; and Cave, who printed her father's sermons in this very year, was well known to him. The verses are of a mingled yarn. Youthful paraphrases of Horace; lines to the memory of Her Sacred Majesty Caroline of Ansbach, recently deceased; ode to her thresher poet, Stephen Duck, beginning ingenuously—'Accept, O Duck, the Muse's grateful lay'; an address to Fortune, palpably echoing Young—these, with a deprecatory motto from Euripides, make up the *farrago libelli*. It would be too much to say that they show great poetical promise; and, with two exceptions, she herself did not venture to reprint them.

But they are interesting on another ground—namely, that they inaugurate that lifelong friendship of the poetess with Samuel Johnson, which had its origin in their year of publication. To the 'Poetical Essays' in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1738, 'Eliza' had contributed 'A Riddle.' In the following April, Johnson responded by two Greek and Latin epigrams, to the former of which he thus refers in an undated but obviously earlier letter to Cave. 'I have composed a Greek epigram to Eliza, and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis le Grand.' From this it would follow that he must already have been introduced to her, or was shortly to make her acquaintance. In any case, after Cave's death, he expressly recalled the fact that Cave had first brought them together. 'Poor dear Cave! I owed him much; for to him I owe that I have known you,' he wrote. In the next month (May), his own *London* came out anonymously, and, in the brief space of a week, ran into two editions. But at this date the worthy Dr. Carter, then Vicar of Tilmanstone, had never so much as heard of him. 'You mention Johnson,' he tells his daughter in June, no doubt apropos of the epigrams, 'but that is a name with which I am utterly unacquainted. Neither his scholastic, critical, nor poetical character ever reached my ears.' This ignorance was excusable; for, in truth, Johnson had published practically nothing. He was a new-comer at St. John's Gate, having only in the preceding year made with Garrick his adventurous invasion of the great city he was to satirize so sternly, and to love so well.

Almost simultaneously with Johnson's *London* had appeared Pope's satire, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight;* and Pope (as all the world knows) had generously expressed his opinion that the new imitator of Juvenal would soon be unearthed. It is with Pope that Mrs. Carter's prentice prose essay is connected. Under the title *An Examination of Mr. Pope's Essay on Man: Translated from the French of M. Crouzaz, M.R.A. of Sciences at Paris and Bordeaux, and Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics at Lausanne*, she translated the Swiss critique of those ambiguous utterances with respect to revealed religion from which Warburton afterwards endeavored to extricate the Twickenham poet. Her version was extremely careful, and

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earned a eulogistic Latin epigram from her father. But its theme belongs to Pope's biography rather than Mrs. Carter's; and there is no evidence that she had any personal relations with Pope himself.

She followed up this translation from the French by another, from the Italian, of Algarotti's *Newtonianismo per le Dame*, thus Englished — *Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy Explained, for the Use of the Ladies, in Six Dialogues, on Light and Colors*. This, which Cave printed, was also held to be capably executed, and was highly praised by Dr. Birch and others. Count Algarotti was then in England, and it is possible that his translatress may have met him. But it must be concluded that these efforts were either commissions, or what Carlyle would have called 'mere journey work in default of better,' for she seldom referred to them. Her biographer finds evidence that the dedication of the Algarotti was corrected in proof by Johnson.

Through Johnson, too, it must have been that, at this date, Miss Carter made the acquaintance of another of Cave's contributors, the notorious and unfortunate Richard Savage. Her biographer prints two of the letters Savage wrote to her in May, 1739, or a few weeks before his final departure (for his own good and to the relief of his friends) into exile at Swansea. Their pretext is a permission, implied or given by the lady to Savage, to send her a printed copy of his Life; and they are couched in those terms of florid adulation which were apparently their writer's standard of compliment.

Another of her correspondents at this period was the precocious prodigy, John Philip Barretier, who was reported to have mastered five languages at the mature age of nine. He was now seventeen, and, hearing from some of the swarming refugees at Canterbury of the rival acquirements of 'Eliza,' had expressed a desire to be permitted to write to her. 'Eliza' having, as in duty bound, sought counsel of her father and obtained his permission (in Latin), letters were accordingly exchanged. Two of Barretier's have been preserved. By all accounts he was a worthy and exemplary young man. But his conception of a *correspondance d'esprit* must have been framed upon faulty models. For his epistles, although they include some interesting personal details regarding his views and pursuits, are largely occupied by fantastic epithets and pretentious polyglot. He apostrophizes his correspondent (in French), as the *Nymphe Elize*, who gets Apollo to write her verses; and in Latin, as *Virgo nobilissima Angliæ sidus, orbis literati decus* — and so forth. Even her admiring biographer and executor is constrained to confess that all this is more in the vein of a French *petit-maître* than of the anticipated scholar, philosopher, and theologian. And, indeed, it is difficult to believe that this rigmarole can ever have been acceptable to its recipient, whose leading characteristic was common sense and whose dislike of flattery was unaffected. That she acknowledged the first of Barretier's communications is clear from his words in the second; but we have no information as to the nature of her reply. In October, 1740, Barretier died; and Johnson wrote an account of him for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. But by this time Miss Carter had found a new correspondent, as well as a lifelong friend, in the Miss Catherine Talbot to whom so many of her letters were henceforth to be addressed.

Miss Talbot — for our present purpose — deserves a fuller notice than either Savage or Barretier. She was the only daughter of the Reverend Edward Talbot, who was the second

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son of Bishop Talbot of Durham, and brother to Charles, first Lord Talbot, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Her father died in 1720, and in the same year, five months after his death, she was born. Dr. Secker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford and Archbishop of Canterbury, had been Edward Talbot's closest friend, and in course of time the widow and her daughter became permanent members of the Secker household.

Miss Carter first met Miss Talbot at the house of a Canterbury friend, through Wright the astronomer, and they became greatly attached one to another. Miss Carter was three years older than Miss Talbot; but Miss Talbot had already a certain social reputation for exceptional ability; and had contributed to the once famous *Athenian Letters*. She had been very carefully educated, had considerable intellectual gifts, and a lively imagination. Her youth had been passed among learned and distinguished personages, one of her best and most valued advisers being the great Bishop Butler of the *Analogy*, who was devoted to her father.

Under her auspices Miss Carter was speedily at home in the Secker circle. She became a great favorite with the Bishop, who soon playfully addressed her as 'Madam Carter,' and she was always a *persona grata* at the Bishop's Oxford Palace of Cuddesdon, and the Archiepiscopal Palace at Lambeth. She had, in fact, found a suitable field for the evolution of the more serious side of her character underlying the thirst for learning which had hitherto seemed to absorb her energies, and (if she ever had them) her ambitions. The Algarotti translation had already introduced her to an amiable Countess of Hertford, to whom Thomson had dedicated his *Spring*. In the Secker coterie she was to come into contact not only with such aristocratic luminaries as Lyttelton and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, but with numerous other people, learned or clerical, who were fully capable of estimating at the right value both her exceptional acquirements and her natural parts. This happy consummation she manifestly owed to Miss Talbot. And it is not unreasonable to assume that to Miss Talbot also she was indebted for the development of those early principles and that graver note in her character which led Dr. Burney, years after, to speak of 'Carter's piety and learning,' and to give the priority to 'piety.'

However this may be, there is no doubt that to Miss Talbot she was indebted for the stimulus which prompted her to enter upon the central task of her life, the translation of Epictetus,

> That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
> Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son
> Cleared Rome of what most shamed him.

At Cuddesdon and Lambeth it seems to have been the custom to have daily readings of the best authors, ancient and modern; and Miss Talbot, who had been austerely studying Epictetus before breakfast, was greatly exercised by the absence of a satisfactory version of that philosopher's homely discourses, as reported by Arrian. She eventually persuaded her friend to undertake the preparation of an adequate rendering of his entire remains, duly equipped with an introduction and notes. With the concurrence of Dr. Secker, Miss Carter began her work in 1749, and in her thirty-second year. Working slowly, and avoiding fatigue, she continued to be engaged on it until its completion in 1756. The book went to the press in the following year, and was issued as a subscription quarto in 1758. There were one thou-

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sand and thirty-one subscribers at a guinea, and one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight copies were struck off. The result to the translator was a profit of nearly one thousand pounds. A second edition in two duodecimo volumes appeared in 1759; a third in 1768. A fourth edition followed, after the translator's death. The full title of the book was *All the Works of Epictetus which are now extant; consisting of his Discourses, preserved by Arrian, in four Books, The Enchiridion, and Fragments. Translated from the original Greek by Elizabeth Carter. With an Introduction, and Notes, by the Translator.* It was printed by Samuel Richardson, the novelist, and published by Robert Dodsley. And to it was prefixed a poetically irregular but theologically orthodox ode by M. H., initials which are understood to veil the identity of a new friend, Hester, or Hecky, Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone, to whom Miss Carter had recommended 'the *Stoic Philosophy*, as productive of *Fortitude*.'

The success of the translation was both merited and adventitious. 'Merited' because it was a conscientious piece of craggy hard work, pursued with adequate equipment and achieved by unflagging perseverance. It was not, in any sense, like the performances of Fielding's Mr. Bookweight, 'merely a handsome way of asking one's friends for a guinea'—a *vol d'avance* on 'Proposals' which it was never intended to materialize. But it was 'adventitious' in that Miss (or as we may now call her, Mrs.) Carter's troops of friends, together with her established reputation as a learned lady, made the task of soliciting subscriptions an easy matter. And there was a third reason which also greatly helped her. It was rightly held to be remarkable that a work distinguished by so much solid erudition should have come from a woman. This alone was sufficient to justify the 'Philaretes' of St. John's Gate in likening her to the famous Madame Dacier. Finally, and this is, perhaps, the best argument of all, her *Epictetus* was, at this date, the one available rendering in English of a book concerning which there was a certain floating curiosity. It continued to sell through the remainder of the century; and her friend Dr. Secker, by this time Archbishop of Canterbury, complained humorously that, while his own invaluable sermons were to be procured at half price, Madam Carter's *Epictetus* fetched nearly as much as the original subscription. Even in 1768, when the third edition came out, Messrs. Rivington of the 'Bible and Sun' in St. Paul's Churchyard, found it worth their while to advertise concurrently a 'beautiful edition' in *royal quarto*.

This translation, it has been said, occupied Mrs. Carter about nine years, a period which may at first sight seem to be excessive. But the work was interrupted by many miscellaneous avocations. Besides 'gooseberry tarts' and shirt-stitching, she had family duties of a more exacting character. Her father had married again; and the education of her youngest brother, Henry, fell almost exclusively on her — until, in 1756, he entered a pensioner at Bene't College, Cambridge. This must have taken much of her time; and, as her biographer observes, was probably at that date the only instance of a student at Cambridge who was indebted for his previous education to one of the other sex. In any case, taken in connection with her labors as a translator, these occupations sufficiently account for the fact that her purely literary output for some years seems to have been confined to a couple of contributions to Johnson's *Rambler*, Numbers 44 and 100. The former of these is a serious but not

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sombre contrast between superstition and religion; the latter, acting up to the *Circumpræcordia ludit* of its motto, rallies, in a sprightly manner, the unprofitable rewards of fashionable dissipation. Both papers show that she might easily have pulled laurels, if not with the Great Cham, at all events with Richardson and Hawkesworth.

But although her prose work was inconsiderable, and she attached little importance to her first poetical efforts, she still intermittently adventured in verse. An anonymous 'Ode to Melancholy' was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1739, and was greatly admired — by her admirers. A more ambitious 'Ode to Wisdom,' much circulated in manuscript, *circa* 1746, was appropriated by Richardson, who conveyed it *en bloc* to the pages of *Clarissa*, then in progress; and even went so far as to set it to music. Upon expostulation, he explained (of course at considerable length) that he had desired to 'honor the sex,' and enliven his little [!] work, already 'perhaps too solemn,' by so valuable an addition to its pages — an *amende honorable* which was, of course, graciously accepted.

But by the private popularity of these and subsequent pieces, complimentary or occasional, and the friendly solicitations of Lord Bath, Lord Lyttelton, and a new admirer, the bluestocking Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter was eventually persuaded to collect her more recent poetical efforts into duodecimo volume. This was published in 1762. It was dedicated, by invitation, to Lord Bath (it is said, indeed, that deferring to the author's dislike to laudation, he drafted the dedication himself), and it was preceded by some high-pitched blank verse from the pen of Lyttelton, who had read the book in manuscript. Instructed and academic, finished rather than fervent, it no doubt showed much technical advance on its youthful predecessor. Its prevalent note is of the fashionable elegiac kind at which Goldsmith laughs gently in the novel he was then composing.* Doubtless, also, Mrs. Carter's devotional and philosophic sentiments gratified those to whom they were addressed, and induced the demand for subsequent editions. But they rouse faint raptures now; and cannot justly be held to rise to the rhapsodical altitudes claimed for them by the bard of Hagley. It must, however, be borne in mind that those were days when such a poet as Mason was likened, in one breath, to Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Plato, and Sophocles — comparisons which seem to indicate some passing derangement of the critical atmosphere. Perhaps the most interesting biographical fact about these *Poems on Several Occasions* is that a visit of the little knot of friends above mentioned to Tunbridge Wells in 1761, when the volume was projected, was, apparently, the *causa causans* of that later excursion to Spa in 1763 which, after the translation of Epictetus, constitutes the next and, indeed, the only other considerable event in Mrs. Carter's history. It occupies an abnormal space in her *Memoirs;* and no excuse is needed for some record of it here.

When this took place, an expedition to the Continental health resort which has given its name to so many mineral springs was still what Dudley, Lord North, had called it in 1637, 'a chargeable and inconvenient journey to sick bodies.' Save in exceptional conditions, it would have been impracticable to an elderly gentlewoman of moderate means. The party was made up of Lord Bath and his chaplain, Dr. Douglas (Goldsmith's 'scourge of impostors and terror of quacks'), Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, and their

* *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

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servants. They quitted Dover early on June 4, and reached Calais the same day, putting up at the famous Lion d'Argent, commemorated thirteen years before by Hogarth in his picture of The Roast Beef of Old England, and where Sterne had stayed in 1762. It was, in fact, the Dessin's of the later *Sentimental Journey;* and Mrs. Carter found it a much better inn than any inn she had seen at Dover.

In a day or two they went forward on their travels. Their cavalcade (for it was no less) consisted of my lord's coach, a *vis-à-vis*, a post-chaise, and a *chasse-marine* [*chaise-marine?*] with ten or twelve outriders. As Mrs. Carter's page, or special attendant, Lord Bath had provided a lively 'little French boy with an English face.' He had also, apparently, a dash of English humor, since he was 'excessively entertained' when the ladies from England were demurely told by the nuns of Lille that they could only inspect the inside of the convent by staying there altogether (*'Pas sans y rester, au moins'*), a reply which reminds one of that given by the authorities at Madrid to John Howard when he proposed to explore the *penetralia* of the Spanish Inquisition.

Mrs. Carter was at first much impressed by the *politesse*, the *empressement pour vous servir*, which she experienced from our French neighbors; and particularly from a vivacious *perruquier* at Dessin's, 'with a most magnificent *queue*,' who was called in to minister to the 'honors of her head.' But she had come from Dover with all the anti-Gallic prejudices engendered by the wearisome Seven Years' War, and she speedily found a great deal that was less to her taste. With Hogarth — and almost in Hogarth's words — she was struck by the mixture of pride and poverty, of 'rags and dirt and finery.' — matters which were not materially modified by the occasional spectacle of clean towns, good roads, and well-cultivated fields. As a strict Churchwoman she was scandalized by the evidences of credulity and superstition. The tinsel and *colifichets* of the altar decorations; the empty formality of the *offices* mumbled ignorantly by the worshipers; the triviality and even profanity of the sacred pictures; the manifestly mendacious stories of saints and miracles — all these things were naturally distasteful to the correspondent of an English bishop. At Lille, the grim fortifications prompt in the chronicler a pious gratitude that her own native land is a country 'guarded by the Ocean and by Liberty,'

From Lille they fare to Ghent. At Courtrai they encounter a procession of the Host and see the people falling on their knees in the road as depicted by Hogarth. Thence they go on to Brussels, which they find extremely unattractive with its high houses, narrow streets, and dismal-looking canal. From Brussels their progress to Liége is diversified by sundry misadventures and breakdowns arising from the rope-harness and makeshift traveling tackle obtaining in the dominions of Maria-Theresa. Liége they vote detestable; and its inhabitants 'of a disagreeable countenance.' At last, after a formidable twenty-one mile drive of fifteen hours along a mountainous road, they reach their destination — the primitive Spa of 1763.

It was now the middle of June. The Spa season was beginning, and the earliest visitors were arriving. These were mostly English and Germans, though there were also some French and Dutch. From Mrs. Carter's own nation she noted only Lord and Lady Robert Bertie and later, that fantastic personage, the Duke of Argyll's daughter, Lady Mary Coke. As a matter of convenience, Lord Bath's party were

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odged in different buildings; but they dined every day with his lordship. Their accommodation must have been rudimentary, as we hear of 'white-washed walls and floors the color of dirt.' In spite of continuous rain, they at once proceeded to sample the waters of the two chief springs, the Pouhon and the remoter Géronstère, only to find them very similar to those they had left behind at Tunbridge Wells, even to producing the same 'confusion of head' which had afflicted the excellent Mr. Samuel Richardson.

They were promptly invited to dine with one of the first newcomers, the Prince-Bishop of Augsburg, an amiable and courtly ecclesiastic, whose appearance must have been anything but episcopal, since, after the fashion of Goldsmith (and the orchestra at Vauxhall), he wore 'a blossom-colored coat.' This, however, cannot have been uncommon, as another prelate (of twenty), Prince Clement of Saxony, who already held two bishoprics and was actually a candidate for a third, was attired in 'orange.' But then — to be sure — he was youngest son of the King of Poland! The Prince-Bishop's entertainments were not stimulating, and were terribly formal — 'more an honor than a pleasure,' Mrs. Carter calls them; and the tedium was increased by the fact that all the attendants were persons of quality, and one must either choke with thirst or employ a count or baron to bring a glass of water.

Ab uno disce omnes. This hide-bound routine was necessarily highly disconcerting to the quiet recluse of the Kentish seaport, who would obviously have preferred the conversational *sans gêne* of a literary breakfast to all the decorations in the *Almanach de Gotha.* Luckily, from most of the functions and assemblies she was excused by her constitutional headaches, and from others, by the absence of the hoop *de rigueur* with which she had not come equipped. For the community of water drinkers, they were friendly and sociable enough; but as mixed as at the Bath pump-room. In the walks of the Géronstère, the variety of costume was exceedingly amusing. 'Priests and hussars, beaux and hermits, nuns and fine ladies, stars and crosses, cowls and ribbons, all blended together in the most lively and picturesque manner imaginable.' Mrs. Montagu called the place 'The Seven Dials of Europe'— which sounds more brilliant than it is. Everyone spoke French, including the Germans, who, indeed, following the lead of the illustrious philosopher of Sans-Souci, professed to prefer that tongue to their own mellifluous medium.

It is depressing to learn that Mrs. Carter seems, on the whole, to have liked the Teutons better than the other nationalities; and although she laughed at their preposterously stiff state costume, which reminded her of 'King Pharaoh's court in a puppet show,' she found them unaffected and agreeable, and her highest commendations are reserved for those whom Hannah More afterwards discovered to be the 'desolating Huns.' Especially was she attracted by some of their 'eminences'; and, in particular, by that distinguished soldier, Charles William, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, who afterwards married George the Third's sister, Princess Augusta, and thus became the father of the ill-fated Caroline, whose tragedy it was to endure the tender mercies of the so-called 'First Gentleman in Europe.' Known at this date as the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, the Duke was a young man of eight and twenty; and Mrs. Carter (a stanch Hanoverian) was greatly impressed by his natural

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politeness, good sense, and 'culture' (old style!). She also discovered an adorable *chanoinesse* — she appears to have had a taste for *chanoinesses*, with their blue ribbons and garnet crosses — whose name was Madame de Blum, with whom she struck up a lasting friendship.

But one may make too much of an episode, even though it should chance to be the solitary important event in an otherwise colorless career. In August the Spa visit, with its tiresome balls and its assemblies, its endless buckram and bowing, its three-penny whist and penny quadrille (to say nothing of heavier stakes), came to an end; and the party set out by the Rhine and Holland to return to England. Upon their further *impressions de voyage* it is unnecessary to linger. That they should have visited the Tomb of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, the Church of the Ursulines at Cologne, and the Prince of Orange's House in the Wood at The Hague, are matters of course, for these are the standing dishes of Baedeker and Murray. But it illustrates the practical side of Mrs. Carter's character that she shows no bibliographical enthusiasm for Mr. Fagel's famous library at the last-named town. 'I have no idea of merely reading the titles of books, and being convinced they are good editions and well bound.' 'I have no great pleasure,' she says again, 'in the mere sight of books unless one can sit down quietly and read them.'

On September 19 they left Calais. At Dover, next day, Mrs. Carter bade farewell to her friends, and set off in a post-chaise for Deal, nothing loath to return at last to her old habit of life. It may, indeed, be questioned whether her tour into foreign parts really effected much beyond enlarging her experiences. The rain had been perpetual, the fatigue of travel excessive; she had suffered much from inability to take her accustomed walking exercise, and her constitutional ailments had often debarred her from sharing in the expeditions and entertainments which engrossed her companions. 'Ever since I left England,' she tells Mrs. Vesey, from The Hague, 'my head has been at least equally bad, and my nerves worse than for some years: so far were the Spa waters from doing them any good.' Such things must have sorely tried both her placid temper and her stoic serenity; and, in these respects, she was superficially more unfortunate than her friends. 'My Lord Bath and Mrs. Montagu are surprisingly the better for their excursion; indeed, they are much the youngest and healthiest of our whole party.' This, as regards Lord Bath, is obviously playful, since he was eighty-one, and died in the following year. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Carter, who had still forty-four years before her, survived them both. She was, therefore, right in speaking of her disabilities as 'good long-lived distempers.' But though, except in 1782, she never again went abroad, the story of her Continental tour was one to which she was accustomed in after days to refer with peculiar satisfaction, and she was untiring in recalling its moving accidents.

At this point the candid chronicler must confess that Mrs. Carter's *vive Odyssée* grows singularly barren, and although she lived into the nineteenth century, only brief space is required for the remainder of the 'life that has no story.' With the money obtained for her translation, she had bought certain tenements at Deal, which, during her absence on the Continent, had been consolidated into the house where henceforth she lived. It is later described as an ivy-clad building, situated delightfully at the northern extremity of the town, and commanding

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a view both of the country and the sea. The rest of the family were now out in the world. She let the house to her father; and here for several years they lived quietly. Each had his or her separate apartment and library; and though they saw each other rarely except at meals, and generally conversed in Latin, the arrangement seems to have worked admirably. For, in spite of the erudition which she sedulously nourished, Mrs. Carter was unremitting in her humbler domestic duties; and to the friends who exhorted her to undertake fresh versions from the 'antients,' would placidly reply that she 'had a dozen shirts to make.' This very matter-of-fact side of her character was recognized by Johnson. 'My old friend Mrs. Carter,' he said, 'could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem'; and this was a condition of things in which she uncomplainingly acquiesced until, in 1774, Dr. Carter died.

There were, not less, even during this time, occasional 'solutions of continuity.' Every winter she migrated for some weeks to London. Many of her numerous admirers would gladly have received her as a guest. But she preferred to take lodgings with her maid in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, to which she regularly returned. 'She kept no table in London . . . nor ever dined at home, but when she was so ill as to be unable to go out. The chairs or carriages of her friends always brought her to dinner, and carried her back at ten o'clock at latest.' Her periodical journeys from Deal, except when later she was able to avail herself of a brother-in-law's carriage, were generally made by the common stage, which, though it sometimes acquainted her with strange fellow passengers, was never attended by any misadventures of the road beyond being 'jolted black and blue.' But this, even as an octogenarian, she patiently continued to endure. Her practice was to set out from Deal by moonlight at 8 P.M., and she usually reached Clarges Street at 11 A.M. next day, having breakfasted at Dartford *en route*. This she thought preferable to 'drawling through two days and sleeping on the road'; and Miss Gaussen relates that, in 1801, four years before her death, she dined at Lord Cremorne's on the very evening of her arrival in town.

As a resident at Deal she was highly respected by the townsfolk, who regarded her with great veneration as a person of almost supernatural attainments, especially in meteorology; and she seems to have identified herself thoroughly with all their hopes and fears, without insisting too strongly on her intellectual superiority. In fact, she was, in all matters regarding herself, transparently modest and unobtrusive. But, in London, in the fitting environment of the congenial *bas-bleu* atmosphere — at Mrs. Montagu's great mansion in Portman Square, at Mrs. Vesey's 'Babels' in Clarges Street, and elsewhere — she was naturally in what she herself would have described as *son assiette*. As may be gathered from her verbal portrait at the beginning of this paper, she must have been an accomplished talker of the best type, promoting without dominating the 'stream of conversation,' sympathetic, attentive, responsive, and delightful to listen to. She dealt, one would imagine, little with people, but much with books and things — 'things that mattered' in particular. 'Her talk was all instruction,' says Fanny Burney in 1784. She spoke fearlessly about writers of whom she disapproved, — Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, for example, — but without heat or bitterness. She was

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even indulgent to those frailties which might be ascribed to variable health, as in the case of Pope and Johnson; and she was more just to Fielding's powers than was Gray. She admired Richardson, but found his prolixity unendurable, besides doubting his knowledge of male humanity; and she freely criticized the weak spots in Goldsmith's personages when they seemed more invented than observed.

Her favorite authors, as might be anticipated, were of her own sex; and she was a warm adherent of Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Burney, and Miss Joanna Baillie. To Mrs. Montagu's *Essay on Shakespeare* she was, of course, attracted; but she regretted her friend had not exerted her powers on some 'work of more general utility.' The impression produced by her 'scattered sapience' is that she must have been an exceedingly straightforward, honest, tolerant, and well-equipped critic; and that Johnson was right when he said, after dining at Mrs. Garrick's with Elizabeth Carter, Fanny Burney, and Hannah More, that 'three such women were not to be found.' It is true that, after his fashion, he presently discounted his heroics by adding Mrs. Lenox to the trio as 'superior to them all,' and by commending Mrs. Montagu's conversation as being 'always impregnated' with meaning. In the bluestocking *salon* of those days one met everybody of any intellectual altitude; Burke and Johnson, Reynolds and Garrick, Lyttelton and Beattie, Horace Walpole and Lord Monboddo — these, with many another, were all to be seen and heard for nothing. It was not, as sometimes supposed, an exclusive Spouters' Club or a Mutual Admiration Society. It was an informal gathering, easy of access to any person of character; and its rules were unconventional. There was neither the temptation of cards nor the solace of supper; neither the hubbub of a 'Hurricane' nor the crowd of a 'Rout.' But you heard the best conversation in the world from the best talkers. And one of the best talkers was undoubtedly Elizabeth Carter.

There is little else to tell, biographically, of our 'learned' lady. The deaths of Archbishop Secker, Miss Talbot, and Lord Lyttelton had already preceded the death of her father; and after this had happened, she gradually lost other members of her more intimate circle. Mrs. Vesey followed Dr. Carter in 1791, and Mrs. Montagu in 1801. With the two latter Mrs. Carter maintained a copious correspondence which had all the solid characteristics attached to her spoken words. Literature she practically abandoned, only adding a few poems to her collection of 1762, and editing Miss Talbot's remains. She seems, indeed, to have had slender literary ambition; or rather, her bias was more in the direction of acquiring than diffusing. In Mr. Gladstone's figure, her imports exceeded her exports. She was, besides, too late for the new novel as practised by the author of *Evelina;* and play writing was probably against her principles; although her position as a social spectator should have qualified her for either field.

And if she was not stirred by the aspirations of literature, neither was she impelled to them by necessity. The profits of her translation, an opportune legacy from a London relative, together with pensions from the Pulteney family and Mrs. Montagu, fully sufficed for her modest charities and her moderate wants; and her posthumous works consist solely of Biblical studies. She was never married. One of the last incidents of her life was her introduction by Lady Cremorne to Queen Charlotte, who received her with great affability. Her

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honorable and contented life was prolonged until February, 1806, when she died in her London lodgings on her final visit to town. She lies in the Grosvenor Chapel burial ground, where her epitaph describes her as being 'as much distinguished for piety and virtue, as for deep learning; and extensive knowledge.' Her cenotaph at Deal is to the same effect.

The National Review

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN MOSCOW

BY K. MANISTRE BLAKEY

All through 1918 Moscow became more and more the trysting place for foreigners fleeing Russia. Living distributed all over the vast empire, they were not only entirely cut off from outside events, but from what was going on in the country, for what with civil war on the frontiers, and the postal and railway communications being cut or unreliable, Bolshevik Russia was as isolated from South Russia as any two separate enemy kingdoms, and people struggled through to the old capital hoping that once in touch with the Consulates there they might yet hear of means for getting away.

I got through to Moscow on July 11, five days after the assassination of Count Mirbach. No one knew precisely what had happened, and as we neared Moscow reports grew from bad to worse. 'Moscow is in flames.' 'A battle is raging at Moscow,' was the continual refrain. There was no turning back; I was obliged to continue my journey, though assured all foreigners were immediately arrested on arrival. I had been quite without news from England the last ten months; from Moscow news had only dribbled through by word of mouth or a chance courier, and it was difficult to judge what was true and what exaggeration. Our arrival at the station passed unheeded, and I sent the trusted man-servant who accompanied me to get a cab. He persuaded one to take us into town for thirty rubles (three pounds sterling). I had the address of rooms to go to. The hotels were, I believe, without exception, requisitioned. The restaurants still open were either those run by the Polish Relief Committee for refugees, or a few keeping up the appearance of being so. If one asked for a cup of coffee, the following preamble ensued: 'Yes, we serve coffee; it's five rubles a cup; there's no milk or sugar. Please give the amount exact, we have no change.' And you paid your ten shillings, and swallowed the turbid decoction. Cakes were not mentioned on either side. Change was nowhere to be had, for paper had become too expensive for printing the stamps which were current as money. Those who had bread brought it with them, and such as desired sugar bought it from hawkers in the street at one ruble fifty kopecks the cube. At the 'Bear,' one of the fashionable restaurants, visitors, up to the time it was closed, were treated to the following notice: 'Cus-

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tomers are requested not to insult the officiators by giving them tips. *N.B.* — Hall porters and messengers are not included; they work independently.' I next sought out the British Club for dinner. I found it temporarily established in a private house, leading a precarious existence — former quarters had been requisitioned. There were few members, as Englishmen, like most foreigners at this time, were either in prison or just coming out. Here I came upon my husband, of whose whereabouts I had been ignorant since his departure from the Ukraine on the German advance. I learned, to my relief, that an agreement had been come to by our government with the Soviet authorities, and Allied subjects were to be allowed to leave. A train was made up for this purpose, the route to be *via* Finland and Sweden. This train was no myth, but actually in the station, and we were told to hold ourselves in readiness, as it was probable we might leave that night.

The rooms I had repaired to were in close vicinity to the Kremlin, and during the first nights I could not sleep for the continual shooting. I knew by experience that this regular firing was not a street fight going on, but the execution of helpless victims. The first night I counted, roughly, two hundred reports, then covering my head 'courted sleep, but sleep courted not me.' The men condemned to the death penalty at this time were officers of the First Army, men guilty of no other crime than having, during the first three years of the war, led their men against the German onrush. I was told many of the Bolshevik soldiers disliked shooting former officers, and Chinese mercenaries had been hired for this work. One saw them about in the streets.

There was no news of our departure next day. We appeared to be hostages kept in exchange for the Bolshevik members in England. The murder of Uritsky at Petrograd, by a young Russian who had sought refuge in the English Club, together with the attempted assassination of Lenine at a factory under British management in the outskirts of Moscow, to say the least, made things uncomfortable. Our days passed in foraging for food, calling at the Consulate for news, and registering at the American Medical Commission to obtain a health certificate. There were rumors of cholera and typhus epidemics and a quarantine might be expected on the Finnish frontier. Food was prohibitive in price. Bread cost anything from twelve rubles the pound, upward. Eggs, three rubles each, when obtainable. Tomatoes, five rubles the pound, and almost impossible to procure at that.

To vary a somewhat wearisome routine, I tried to explore the historical old city, and judge for myself of the damage done by the Bolshevik revolution. This is a subject on which there is much diversity of opinion. Those who regard the damage done from a mere commercial point of view maintain that, considering the whole, it is insignificant, and go on to prove this by the majority of buildings fired on being at present in use. Others, who see more than brick and mortar in the picturesque witnesses of an age barbarous but great, regard the very firing into them as sacrilege. The Kremlin excepted, shells seem to have been sent indiscriminately, and there are few streets in which one does not see either façades riddled with bullets, shells lodged in buttresses, or the cavities they have passed through, and in isolated cases, houses burned and gutted.

The Kremlin covers an area of many acres, and consists of two citadels, the outer and the inner, in each case sur-

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rounded by massive turreted walls. In the inner of these is the wonderful cluster of cathedrals, belfries, and palaces, in which Italian, Byzantine, and Norse architecture has been blended to form a picture, I believe, unique in the world. In the outer citadel is the arsenal which the Junkers made a heroic but ineffectual stand to defend, and which was the direct cause of destruction, for the cannons on the 'Sparrow Hills' were placed so as to send their shells straight into the Kremlin, and the cupolas and belfries suffered accordingly. Strangers were at this time not permitted entrance to the inner citadel, as the buildings were being used in part as headquarters of the Bolshevik authorities, and the old prisons and dungeons overcrowded with prisoners.

From the outer citadel I could see that several of the gold and blue cupolas had shells lodged in their walls and were bulging heavily; others showed cavities where they had passed through. The Red Monastery appeared partly blown to pieces, and the walls injured. There were heaps of masonry being cleared away, and some scaffolding in erection. The Tverskai entrance gate, over which is the ancient picture of the wonder-working icon, passing under which men had hitherto been wont to raise their hats, was riddled with bullets. I could see no more to state with certainty from the outer citadel. It is to be hoped the damage done may be repaired, and this wonderful group of buildings preserved to future generations.

It seems a strange coincidence that on these same 'Sparrow Hills' from where the city was bombarded, two ardent Russian progressists of the eighteen-forties should have vowed to sacrifice life and fortune to their country. Touched by the beauty of Moscow at their feet in the last resplendent rays of the setting sun, Heren and Ogarev stood hand in hand longing for the blot of serfdom to be wiped out in Russia, for her to rank side by side with the great western nations. Alas! could these men have foreseen the form freedom would take in their beloved land, it would have been harder for them to bear than any of the many limitations of unreformed Russia.

Among those retained in the Kremlin were two former ministers of the Tsar's Government, Tsheglevitoff and Belaer, awaiting trial. The room adjoining mine was occupied by a lawyer who had come from Petrograd to plead their case. One afternoon I heard violent sobbing in that room. It was Madame Tsheglevitoff. She had received permission to take food to the prison for her husband, but the last few days had been met with objections and difficulties about the acceptance. To-day, on going, she was told no more provisions were necessary; her husband and Belaer had been taken from the Kremlin to a place outside town a week ago and shot. She had come from the Kremlin to give the lawyer this information.

To anyone not familiar with Moscow previously, it might appear that there was still considerable life in the city. The shops were showing goods, and in Kitai-gorod bargains were being struck as in former days, but those knowing gay 'Little Mother Moscow' formerly were not deceived by this attempted outward show, a ghost clinging to old walls, and knew well that Moscow was following in the wake of Petrograd, and, like the country, moving toward slow extinction. The shops grouped round the 'Smith's Bridge,' which, until a short time ago, could vie in luxury with any in Europe, would not part from those goods in the windows, and asked not merely exorbitant, but fabulous prices, in order

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to keep them. I speak from bitter experience, having arrived in Moscow with literally only what I was wearing. Owing to the rise in cab fares, practically everyone, unlike in former days, was on foot, and among these pedestrians there was ample material for the psychologist. Even the most casual observer could note that the women selling newspapers were, despite their simple garb, of gentle birth, and new to the work. The papers on sale showed the date of the Julian Calendar, and were printed in the phonetic type recently enforced for schools and press by the Soviet commissaries. The introduction of this foreign calendar has been a controversy of many years, for it was maintained that bearing the name of a Roman Catholic Pope its introduction into orthodox Russia would in itself suffice to raise a revolution; but the Bolsheviki have introduced it, together with the phonetic type, and consulted no one. I doubt if at this time anyone cared what date or type was used! I heard one man accosted for alms, and he replied: 'I am an officer of the First Army,' and he was let pass, for it was common knowledge that these men were financially in a desperate plight. No salaries have been paid out to them since the Bolsheviki seized power. At Kharkof, in the Ukraine, a number of them were reduced to opening a garden restaurant, where they cooked and served the meals. When the Germans arrived and frequented this restaurant this sometimes led to embarrassing, not to say comical, situations. Another feature of the Moscow streets was the amount of furniture of every description left to the mercy of the elements. The majority of flats in the fourth and fifth stories had been requisitioned for the placing of machine guns with which to receive the Czecho-Slovaks on their expected arrival. The hapless owners, when turned out, had been unable to find either horses, men, or carts to take away their belongings, and they had remained on the sidewalks. Very little, I was told, was stolen, for men had come to be more interested in a pound of bread than in the best chairs or tables.

It was not safe to visit any of the many places of interest outside the town, and only once, weary of streets, one fine Sunday morning, did we venture as far as the Virgin Convent. After leaving the tramcar the road turns to the right, and though scarcely beyond the precincts of Moscow becomes at once unpaved and unkept, just as probably it was in the days of Peter, who, anxious to rid himself of domineering Sophia, relegated her to these walls. There is little to be seen of the buildings from outside, they being mostly hidden by the high-turreted walls surrounding them, and the visitor is all the more unprepared for the picture which, as he passes under the vaulted gateway, holds him in thrall. Framed by the arch, on a background of deep blue sky, stands the cathedral, its massive white walls and gilded cupolas shining in the vivid light, dark cypresses like sentinels on guard at either side. We passed through the cloisters into the edifice where service was being conducted. Clouds of incense gave to the already subdued light an air of mysticism. From a canopy of gold hangs suspended the dove of peace, and before one is the iconostasis, gorgeous with color, but, though wrought in metal, as delicate in tracing as a pattern of rich old lace. The officiating priests move to and fro in rich vestments, and the black forms of nuns, on the stone pavement, rise, sway, and fall back again in quick rhythmic motion. The sonorous voice of the deacon vibrates through the building, and peasants with their bundles wander from icon to icon,

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placing candles before them, endlessly kissing the pictures and crossing themselves; for the moment, at least, the sordid life without is forgotten.

We were now well into the second half of August without any visible hope of getting away. News came of the raid on the Petrograd Embassy, of the discovery of Mr. Lockhart's so-called plot against the Soviet Government, his arrest and imprisonment. The season, though midsummer, was exceptionally inclement, and the emaciated horses slipped and fell on the wet pavements, in most cases not to rise again. Scarcely a street corner but one of these poor creatures was to be seen breathing out its last.

The British Club was requisitioned for a *crèche*, and we did not know where next to go for dinner. On this night the house porter, on taking us up in the lift, held a bag. 'See, lady,' he said, opening it and displaying four small pieces of rye bread, 'how the Bolsheviki feed us; half pound for the four of us after having had none for eleven days.'

We found our landlady much perturbed, for the house commission had been in and claimed more rooms. We had already been reduced from two to one, and the family had suffered equally. Next day, on calling at the Consulate, a surprise awaited us. Civilians, we were told, were to leave that night! News had been received that the Bolshevik representatives had arrived at Stockholm; a sharp note requesting our release had been received by Tshitsherin from the British Government, and the Soviet authorities were undoubtedly impressed by the continued news of Allied success on the Western front. To the majority of us it was *omnia mea mecum porto*, so packing did not occupy serious thought, but provisioning for the time we should probably be on the way required much experience of what can be done in Moscow by peasants, cabbies, and Jew agents if it is made worth their while.

In the flat all was again confusion, and the supper table was set for us in our landlady's apartment. If we had not been leaving that night I know of no place where we could have put up except the aforesaid lift. All who left that night will remember the drive to the station in the heavy downpour of rain, the repeated sickening sight of horses dying on the pavements, their various narrow escapes of getting off. 'Where are you driving to with that big box?' called two bold scions of the Red Guard to one young lady. She explained she was English, that the box contained all she possessed, and that she, being a teacher, was a member of the proletariat. The usual squabbling ensued, passers-by stopped, interfered, and rated the soldiers. Miss C., profiting by this, got into her cab and drove off unobserved.

The train was made up of second-class, mostly large open compartments, with accommodation quite inadequate to the number of passengers, but the drenched figures toiled in with their luggage, and in the semi-darkness took whatever seats were available, and when at midnight we steamed out of the station, we went to sleep, despite discomforts, content to be off at all. We were to go straight through to Bielo-Ostrov, the Finnish frontier station, without stopping at Petrograd, the conditions there, from all accounts, being deplorable.

There is a legend that as long as Falconnet's statue of Peter on his charger stands looking forth over the Neva no harm shall come to the city; its origin is as follows: After the sack of Moscow, it was feared that the French might turn northward, and Alexander had many art treasures moved from St.

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Petersburg, and how best to act in regard to the great statue of Peter was the subject of many a discussion. After one of these, Alexander heard the clatter of heavy hoofs in the courtyard and a loud voice calling him. It was Peter on his horse, and he said: 'Do not have me removed from the square, for as long as I guard my city no harm shall come to St. Petersburg, and, if danger threatens, I will warn my people.'

Alexander awoke to find he had been in dreamland for his message, but ever inclined to the mystic he accepted the message as final and the rider on his horse was not removed. Peter still looks forth over the dark waters of the Neva, but neither rider nor horse have come down from their pedestal to help the town in its present tribulation.

We awoke to find ourselves at Bielo-Ostrov, where we were to remain in the train until the date of our departure should be fixed. We had roughly counted four hundred Italian soldiers with us for repatriation, and their presence, we were told, might necessitate a quarantine. It was a fine morning, and a few energetic spirits strolled through the village street out on to the open moor. Summer comes late in these regions and is of short duration, but just at present the otherwise sombre moor had donned a purple garb and was beautiful with heather-bloom. Swarms of flies buzzed over the peat pools, and bog myrtle and wild rosemary gave to the air a pleasant, pungent scent. Here a solitary birch or stunted fir tree still form landmarks on the horizon, but little by little, toward Sweden and Lapland, even these disappear, and the peat bog stretches an endless waste of treacherous ground on which only ground berries and mosses subsist. A vast no-man's-land, but, if opened up, an inexhaustible store of fuel for future coming generations.

It was pleasant scrambling over the treacherous ground gathering grasses and mosses, but our absence had caused suspicion, and on our return we were forbidden again to leave the station yard on pain of arrest. The reason for this was the near bridge and little stream cutting the frontier line. Though guarded on either side, the Soviet commissaries had come to hear of more than one Englishman, who, guided across the marshes at night, had braved the murky waters of that stream and got safely away into Sweden or Norway.

The stay at this station was not luxurious. Bielo-Ostrov has not any toilet or dressing rooms — in fact, no accommodation at all, and the restaurant had, black coffee excepted, no refreshments to offer, nor did it provide any means for cooking them. We were a very quiet party, and during the evenings drew together, and men and women alike talked of the many good things they should have to eat when they got to 'Blighty.' On the third day, the commissary softened toward us, and said a hot mid-day meal would be served at a little inn to anyone willing to pay for it. The Italians were provided alternately with a calf, a goat, and a pig, and when we filed into the inn we saw their cooks happily busy preparing the meat at an open fire.

On the fifth day it was decided we might proceed on our journey. Before leaving we rewarded our commissary handsomely for the safety we had enjoyed in his charge. We were handed our passports, and were told a train would be in waiting at the Finnish station about two versts over the frontier. My husband was not passed as civilian, and had to remain behind. Our long-suffering committee undertook to get the luggage across on little trolleys by line; on the fateful bridge our pass-

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ports once more underwent muster; then one by one we passed out of Russia on to Finnish soil. I turned as I got over, and from a little eminence watched our party coming up. Could they be English, these weary-looking people, straggling in groups through the sand, moving slowly, each carrying as much as their arms could hold?

We arrived at the Finnish station at three o'clock, and were at once told off to have the Finnish notes we had by us inspected. The bulk of them proved to be false and were confiscated. No train was visible, but in the clean refreshment room a limited amount of coffee with milk was being served! It commenced to rain dismally, and as our bundles arrived on the little trolleys, we sorted them out as best we could in the growing darkness, and for the next *seven* hours sat waiting and watching for the train which was to take us away. The wildest rumors circulated. The Bolsheviki had destroyed the carriages; we were all to travel in horse trucks, or, worst of all, we were to be returned and not go on. However, about 10 P.M. a small local train with wooden seats and light coupling ran in. Horse boxes were added for the Italian soldiers. No one cared any more how they went, if they could but get in, and a wretched scramble ensued. At midnight we moved off, and for the next forty-eight hours traveled, cramped like herrings in a box.

I do not care to remember those two days; yet there was much to be thankful for, and we sent the Finnish authorities a telegram of thanks for having passed us safely through. The telegram announcing our arrival was not received, so we took the little place by surprise. After passing the many ordeals at Torneo, we got through to Harparanda, where everyone did their best to feed and house us, and pretty Swedish girls ministered to our wants. Next day our party split up, some hurrying to Christiania, others to Stockholm, from which town it was hoped news could be sent and received from friends in England.

From these beautiful clean cities we went down to Voss on the Bergen Railway, and awaited our turn to be conveniently taken across.

The Fortnightly Review

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THE FUTURE OF THE EX-OFFICER

BY H. B. C. POLLARD

THE British people have fought this war to a finish with the most praiseworthy single-mindedness. Just as before the war they said 'Do not bother about war,' so during the war they have not been interested in post-war conditions. To the declaration, 'We must anticipate peace,' the public replied, 'Get on with the war first, we will deal with these matters later.' In spite of this we have had small groups of far-sighted men thinking ahead, and what is far more to the point, we have the framework or skeleton of the big machinery of peace, the engines of demobilization and resettlement, ready to start work as soon as the condition of European politics permits.

But to this statement of conditions we must add something that we had not got in 1914, and that is a national facility for swift appreciation of the needs of the nation. The great issues of four years of war, the constant vigorous propaganda, the swift changes from normal humdrum conditions to the amazing times we now live in, have produced a national mental alacrity that we never had before. An idea that required six months intensive advertising before it could be got into people's heads can now be set before the nation and will be accepted by them in less than a third of the time. There is now far more public interest in national issues, and the average individual is much more wide-awake and receptive of what one may call large scale ideas.

The problem of the reëmployment and reëducation of the officer and the non-commissioned officer or man of similar educational standing is not a mere matter of the disposal of surplus war stores, not simply a business of finding a job for the boy; it is the very much more important matter of putting back into civil life the bulk of the best brain power of the two younger generations.

Into our vast army we have absorbed the best brains and the best physique of all classes. The officering of that army has been achieved on democratic lines. There has been a process of selective appointment that has brought about a new type of officer, commissioned because he had brains and capacity, irrespective of his pre-war civil or social standard. The University graduate, the bootblack, and the clerk, so far as the army is concerned, are all captains of equivalent value and standing. They receive the same pay and they take the same risks, but the moment they leave the army they can only be classified according to their civil qualifications.

Everyone recognizes that the warehouse clerk who has shown himself fit to be a colonel should not have to go back to his old job, because it is such obvious waste of a man of higher capacity. Public opinion unhesitatingly admits this in the case of all such rather extravagant special examples, but the nation is not yet awake to the need for dealing with the situation as a whole. It is prepared to turn off a leaking tap, but it has no conception of damming the vast river of brain power and capacity that will otherwise run to

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waste absorbed in a thousand petty channels.

The nation must realize what magnificent material it has available in the non-regular officers of the army, the air force, and the navy, and it must wake up to the absolute necessity of making the best possible use of them when they revert to civil employment. We do not want a mental attitude of 'Here is an heroic fellow, find the poor devil some sort of a job,' but the far more practical point of view: 'I want two qualified men for a particular job; there are sure to be suitable men in the army and I will apply to the army for them.' The employer should realize that he can have the pick of the professional, commercial, and technical labor market simply by asking for it. The Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labor can find a first rate man for practically any position just as soon as demobilization begins and as long as the supply lasts.

The officer of to-day and the ex-officer of to-morrow are one and the same thing, and it must be understood that throughout this article, whenever the word officer is used, the word also covers cadets, non-commissioned officers, and men of equal educational or professional attainments. The same mechanism is available for all, they are of equal national importance.

The officers fall into four groups. *Firstly:* Self-employers, men of means, or men whose business or professions are their own and who do not need appointments found for them. *Secondly:* Qualified professional or business men, competent and capable, who, through military service, have to find fresh employment upon demobilization. *Thirdly:* Partly trained or partly qualified men whose natural course of career has been interrupted by the war. Some of these are eligible for small employment, some are not. *Fourthly:* Untrained unqualified men of no definite vocation; youngsters whose careers have never been determined, and the large class of 'butcher's boy to major,' men whose pre-war occupation is now no longer suitable to them. The whole of this group are practically unemployable for the present. There are some 400,000 officers in the services, but the relative proportions of these four groups are not yet ascertained, nor can accurate figures be established till demobilization is in full swing and returns have been obtained from the whole army, navy, and air force. But it can at once be seen that the third and fourth groups contain the majority of young men from eighteen to twenty-seven years old. The second group is composed of the qualified men of some thirty to forty-five years old, and members of the first group may by the accident of circumstances be any age. For all practical purposes we are only interested in the three groups who have to be placed in employment, and an extremely efficient machine has been designed to cope with the situation.

The state, working through the Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labor, is not only going to find jobs for officers, but is able to train officers for jobs and pay them while they are being trained. This is achieved by the Appointments Department working with the Ministry of Pensions, who hold the statutory authority to pay, train, and find employment for discharged disabled officers, who cannot through disability return to their old professions or employments.

The Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labor has been set up to give advice and assistance to officers and others requiring professional and business appointments, or in need of training to qualify them for such appointments. The administrative head-

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quarters offices of the department are at the Hotel Windsor, Victoria Street, S. W. 1.

With the department are associated two main committees, one dealing with questions affecting appointments, and the other with questions of training. The former committee, under the chairmanship of Lord Burnham, comprises representatives of the principal professional and business organizations, together with representatives of ex-officers and of the government departments concerned. It is known as the Officers' Resettlement Committee. The Training Committee is an interdepartmental committee, jointly appointed by the Ministry of Labor and the educational and other departments interested, including the Board of Agriculture and the Ministry of Pensions; the Chairman, Lieutenant-General Sir Alfred Keogh, G.C.B., LL.D., has been nominated by the Board of Education. This committee contains representatives of the universities and other educational organizations, as well as representatives of commerce and industry. With the advice and assistance of these committees, and suitable subcommittees, the department endeavors to find suitable appointments of a professional and business character for ex-officers and others requiring them, and, either directly or through the Educational Department, endeavors also to arrange facilities for those who wish to undergo courses of instruction, whether of a general or technical character. No fees are charged either to the applicants for appointments or to employers. The Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry are giving their fullest assistance to the department, and the Ministry of Pensions, who are responsible, under the conditions of the Royal Warrant, for the training and employment of disabled officers, are working in close coöperation with it.

Thus it can be seen that in actual point of fact an officer, taking a course of training, say, in metallurgical chemistry at Sheffield University, should be described as having been sent by the Appointments Department to a course arranged by the Board of Education, acting in concert with the Ministry of Munitions. To give all these particulars may be necessary in official correspondence lest the responsible function of some ministry may by accident be obscured or slighted, but from the point of view of this article the division of authority is immaterial, and I shall speak of the Appointments Department as doing these things, for it is only with the Appointments Department that the officer and the public are directly concerned.

Take first the problem of handling the immediately available qualified man. The function of these directorates is to bring officer and appointment within their area together, and to refer back to headquarters all surplus vacancies and unplaced candidates for appointment. Thus Leeds may have employment for two mining surveyors and have three textile factory managers without situations. Headquarters acts as a clearing house, and, looking over the daily vacancy list, is able to put two unplaced mining surveyors from Cardiff in immediate touch with Leeds and takes from Leeds the unplaced textile men for jobs in the Manchester directorate. This is, of course, a paper transaction between headquarters and the directorates, but in the directorates there is the personal factor that is even more practical.

Let us take a simple example: Captain Jones is a qualified research chemist. He returns to his home district of Birmingham and puts himself in touch with the district directorate. There he is interviewed, and the officer gets

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some kind of an idea what Captain Jones is besides his paper qualifications. The same officer is in constant personal touch with local employers and he can make up his mind at once: 'This is the kind of man that so-and-so wants.' He has there in the office a record of the employment, and can say to Captain Jones: 'There is a vacancy at so-and-so's that might suit you. The salary is so much, and the work I believe is such and such. If you think that might suit you I will put you in touch with them at once.'

The partly qualified or unqualified man is a very different proposition, and a very large number of our officers fall into this category. In many cases, no doubt, they could get temporary or inadequate positions at once, but this is not to the national benefit, and it is far better that, wherever it can be managed, the officer should not seek employment until he is qualified to be employed in some appointment commensurate with his known capacity.

The undergraduate, the medical student who has not completed his training, the student at the Inns of Court, the articled clerk, the partly trained engineer, all these are in the same boat. Until they are qualified they are unemployable except in some unsatisfactory 'lead nowhere' capacity. These men must complete their training. The question then arises How are these men whose circumstances have been entirely changed by some four years of army life going to support life while being educated and completing qualification? The answer is — state assistance.

The needs of the nation have interrupted these men's careers and it is to the national interest that they should be able to take them up again. They have hazarded all for the state, and the nation cannot do less than pay the debt. The course of training must, where possible, be made 'intensive,' compressed and shortened, and the officer must continue to draw a certain amount of pay in order to meet his fees and keep himself while qualifying. This has been done by wounded and invalided officers during the past year.

The scope of training afforded by the department is so wide that it is almost impossible to define it. There are the recognized university and technical school courses, and in addition hundreds of firms in different businesses are prepared to take officers into the business and train them. This system gives the employer the chance of picking really good men out of those he has trained and at the same time it gives the officer who has got out of touch with civilian life an excellent opportunity of taking what might be called a 'refresher course' before passing into regular employment.

The department can give particulars of short intermediate or normal courses in almost every profession and business, and the officer has only to explain to his District Director what he would like to take up, and the whole available resources are set before him, so that he can take up the one that suits his personal circumstances best. There is, of course, a time limit to these courses, and this is supervised by the Trading Committee, who take into consideration the nature of the work, the age of the applicant, and similar accessory factors.

If a man knows what he wants and is prepared to work for a certain time in order to get certain qualifications or fit himself for a particular kind of position, the Appointments Department can find him what he wants in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. As against that, there are lots of youngsters and men who do not know what they want, who have no qualifications and who

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would rather start out at once into some indifferent job of any kind than train for real work. These are admittedly difficult folk to deal with, for in most cases they will become 'repeaters,' that is, men who will be always back on the odd job of the Employment Exchanges. The army education scheme is particularly useful here, for it will drill some sense into this officer before he is able to leave the army, and the unqualified man with no prospects will not be the first officer to be released.

This, by itself, is not enough, nor will anything be enough until the parents of young officers, the wives of young officers, and the employers and everybody interested in any individual officer, all insist that the officer or ex-officer should qualify according to his capacities, but *qualify* for some sort of permanent job.

That the scheme of resettlement in civil life applies to the able-bodied as well as to the disabled officer is all to the advantage of the latter. A scheme for the employment of the disabled alone must always suffer under the disadvantages associated with the word charity, the appeal must tend to be directed to the sentiments as well as to the business instincts of the prospective employer. As now arranged, a demand will be created for the brain power available in the ex-officer irrespective of his physical condition. The ex-officer will be in demand, not because of his past services, but because of the efficiency he has attained through a course of training which is the last word in modern methods. The disabled officer will find his job, not on the score of his disability, but in spite of it, because the whole class of ex-officers will have proved their superiority as a reservoir of the nation's brain power.

Reveille

LINES WRITTEN NEAR A ROMAN BURIAL GROUND

BY MAY O'ROURKE

I WONDER do you hate the casual street
That traffics on your scattered dust, and groan
Under the mute, uncomprehending stone
Whose tangled ivies bright and green and sweet
Have fed from your sucked eyes? —
And when my feet
Pass over you in darkness quite alone
Do you recall with sudden-clenching bone
And quickening dust, the way that voices greet
And eyes of friends look kindness, each on each? —
How good a thing is given to wayfarers
Who jostle life together!
But you denied
All stir, I know beneath the sparkling beech
Your dreams run on —'I swear that voice was hers!'
(My footfall stays) —'O! welcomed, late my bride!'

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

WAR'S FINANCIAL PARADOX

BY HARTLEY WITHERS

A CORRESPONDENT desires elucidation of the following puzzle:

'It is said that the war has "cost" £8,000,000,000; in other words, that sum has been "expended" by Great Britain on the war. But looking round we see plenty of money knocking about. Wages are high and have been earned by hard work. This huge sum has been spent, but there are no signs that the country is poorer for it. There must, therefore, be plenty more where that came from.

'More than that; most workingmen have never had such a good time. Their children have been better fed and clothed. Besides plenty of wages there are separation allowances and pensions. Millions have been made, too, by masters, contractors, and profiteers. A good slice of this has been taken, very properly, by the government as excess profit tax, but the huge sums subscribed by wealthy people for war loans show that they have put by an enormous amount. This stands to their credit, and although £8,000,000,000 has been spent, there must be plenty more in hand.'

Two distinct problems seem to be involved by these questions, one of which is quite simple and the other rather difficult. Number one is the fact that in spite of the huge expenditure on the war, there is more money than ever in the pockets and the bank balances of its citizens. Number two is the fact that again, in spite of the huge expenditure on the war, a great many people, probably the majority of the population, are actually better off.

There is no difficulty about seeing why there is much more money about, because money when it is spent does not thereby vanish, except when it is spent abroad and actually shipped in gold or notes. When the government spends money at home it first has to get it, by taxes or loans, and then pays it out to contractors, or soldiers and sailors, or their dependents, or to civil servants, or members of Parliament, or anyone whom it may be rewarding for work done, or alleged to be done, for the service of the country. These workers hand over the goods and services needed and take payment and the money is still in their pockets or at their bank ready to go round the same circuit, being paid in taxes or subscribed to loans and then again paid out against fresh goods and services supplied. In ordinary times the quantity of money of all kinds, including checks drawn on banks, that is being turned over in the country cannot be increased indefinitely unless more gold comes in because there is a rough relation between the amount of gold in the Bank of England and in the other banks and the amount of credit that the banks are prepared to create; and if the banks create credit too fast, the machinery of exchange sets up a process that corrects this excess. The creation of credit-money faster than of goods depreciates the buying power of the money, in other words, raises prices; imports of goods are stimulated, exports are checked, and a balance of imports has to be paid for in gold which reduces still further the proportion between gold and credits, and checks the creation of the latter. In war time this pretty and effective sys-

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tem of checks and balances does not work. For a long time our gold reserves were protected by Tirpitz and his submarines, which made it too expensive a business to send gold abroad, owing to the high premiums that had to be paid against the submarine risk; moreover, there was and is still, in spite of the fighting being over, a notion that it is not patriotic at such a crisis to send gold abroad any more than it is right to demand gold from our banks to carry in our pockets. And so the relation between our stock of gold and the creation of credit no longer exists, and the restoration of this relation is one of the first things needful for getting our currency back on to a sound basis. In the meantime our war governments have been able to take advantage of a wholly abnormal state of affairs to finance a large part of the war expenditure, not by taking or getting our money through taxes and loans, but by printing paper currency and by making the banks create credits for them against government securities placed with them. Paper has been printed so rapidly that according to an estimate made by a committee lately appointed to inquire into the question of currency and foreign exchanges after the war, the amount of legal tender money in bank reserves and in circulation has risen from 180,000,000 on June 30, 1914, to 383,000,000 on July 10, 1918, since when the printing press has worked with accelerated vigor. The increase in bank credits has also been on an enormous scale; and it is very safe to expect that the total deposits entered in their books, which were 1,070,000,000 (not including those of the Bank of England) before the war, will be found to have totaled something like 2,000,000,000 on December 31 last. With an addition of over 200,000,000 to legal tender money (coin and notes) and probably of about 1,000,000,000 to bankers' book-keeping money, it is not surprising in the first place that, in spite of the war's expenditure, 'we see plenty of money knocking about' and, in the second, that the said money, though comfortably plentiful, is lamentably deficient in the only quality for which money is valued, namely, in buying power.

Owing to this disagreeable fact the appearance of wealth that the circulation of so much money and the existence of such large bank deposits give, is largely if not wholly fictitious. The inquirer who puts the conundrum observes that 'this huge sum has been spent but there are no signs that the country is poorer for it.' But is that so? The wealth or poverty of a country is surely best tested by the ability of its citizens to get the goods and services that they need, or think they need; and we know that in spite of the flood of money many of the good things that we used to enjoy are often difficult and sometimes impossible to get in these times. So much labor had been diverted to war purposes that the remnant has not sufficed to provide us with many conveniences that used to be plentiful. Traveling facilities, haircutting and barbers, domestic servants, houses in certain places, some kinds of fruit, cigarettes and tobaccos, wines, spirits, and beer, are obvious examples of service givers and goods that are much less plentiful than they were. And if we look deeper into the problem and remember that we lost about 8,500,000 tons of shipping by submarine attack, and have sold, perhaps, 800,000,000 worth of securities to foreigners in exchange for munitions and food, and borrowed over 1,300,000,000 abroad, it is clear that the country is actually poorer, whatever the appearances may be.

If, then, the country is actually

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poorer in its command of goods and services, how are we to explain the fact that most of the working classes and a large number of contractors and profiteers — a majority of the population all together — 'have never had such a good time?' The answer seems to be that the war has caused a great change in the distribution of wealth, or of buying power. The minority have spent less on themselves and their own enjoyment than they did, and this abstinence — voluntary or compulsory — has meant a transfer of buying power, through the hands of the government, to the working classes and to those who have earned, or got, war profits. The class of small rentiers, living on fixed money incomes derived from investments, has been terribly hit both by high prices and by high taxation. This is the class which has really suffered war privation, except in so far as members of their families have been able to earn something by war work. The very rich have had a large part of their normal expenditure cut off by the enlistment of their men servants, grooms, gardeners, gamekeepers, chauffeurs, etc., by petrol restrictions, by the commandeering of their motor cars, houses, yachts, horses, etc., and by the impossibility of foreign travel. High taxation has relieved them of a considerable part of the savings that this enforced abstinence has produced, and the rest of it has gone into War Loans to be spent by the government and so handed over to the classes who were doing war work, or to the soldiers and sailors and their dependents. If one man who used to spend £40,000 a year on the amusements and diversions customary to his position has been able to spend only £10,000 of it during the war, the distribution of the odd £30,000 through, perhaps, 200 families by war expenditure would make a very considerable difference to the general standard of comfort. Whether retrenchment by the rich has been on this scale it is impossible to say, but at least it is clear that much of their expenditure has been forcibly cut down, and a good deal, no doubt, has been voluntarily cut down under the stimulus of patriotism, since people who have been accustomed to handling big incomes have usually more sense of responsibility in the spending of them than those who have lately and quickly acquired them. And it is satisfactory, from the point of view of the well-being of the country as a whole, to note that this widening of the distribution of buying power, and improvement of the workers' standard, to some extent will be permanent. Some people argue that the rich, as a whole, have grown richer by the war, owing to their big subscriptions to War Loans. But if, as seems likely, the large proportion of the debt charge will be raised at their expense, by heavy direct taxation, their share of after-war taxation will be bigger than their share of the interest on the debt.

Land and Water

THE CAUSE OF STRIKES

THERE are few signs in the world at present of the coming of that 'brotherhood of the classes' which some prophets foretold as the result of the war for democracy. From almost every country comes news of labor unrest on a large scale, and from most countries, of serious strikes often developing into civil disturbances. It is, of course, easy to exaggerate the significance of such movements, whose precise importance the continued activity of the various censorships makes it very difficult to ascertain. But enough reliable information comes through to make it certain that revolution is at least a

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possibility in certain of the most important Allied countries.

As we write, it is by no means certain how the French and Italian strike movements will develop. It is clear that the immediate causes of the various stoppages both in Paris and in the provinces are almost purely economic; but it is equally clear that the undercurrent of political unrest is exceedingly strong, and that the movement of events may easily transform the strikes from economic into political phenomena. At present, the Confédération Générale du Travail is holding its hand; but if it joins in and declares a political general strike, it is impossible to say where the trouble will end. In Italy, the political character of the strikes, especially among the seamen, appears more plainly on the surface, and the refusal of certain crews to sail with munitions intended for Russia is obviously an event of first-class significance. But, even in Italy, it would be difficult to say whether political or economic causes play the greater part in the unrest. In Canada and the United States the origin of most of the trouble was certainly economic, and the character of the Winnipeg movement only shows how far in these days a purely economic strike is likely to carry the participants.

The plain fact is that all over Europe, and to an increasing extent in America also, the armies are mobilizing for something like a class war. Economic movements have a rapidly growing tendency to become political, not only because the workers possess a greatly increased power and are far more conscious of it, but also because their economic claims are animated by a steadily deepening hostility to the whole capitalist order of society. Not only do the workers feel stronger — they have also a growing feeling that capitalism is insecure. The greatest barrier to labor unrest before the war was the widespread conviction that capitalism was inevitable — that it had been in possession ever since the workers could remember, and that there were no signs that it was likely to come to an end. To-day the world, and the workers, perhaps, most of all, have lost the feeling of certainty about anything. We have come through such changes already that no change for better or worse now seems altogether impossible. Empires, apparently strong and impregnable, have perished almost in a night; new nations have arisen; two great countries are actually governed by extreme Socialists, and several others by Socialists of a milder type. After the fall of the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, and the Romanoffs, after the coming of Soviet Russia and of Soviet Hungary, who, whatever his attitude toward these things, will dare to affirm that revolutionary social changes are impossible in his own country? Who will hold an untarnished faith in the permanence and inviolability of the old order?

In this country, we have so far been less affected than any Continental people by the prevailing unrest. But here, too, the same forces are at work. More than six months after the termination of hostilities, how different is our economic situation from that which was foreshadowed by the optimists who told us of the blessings of 'reconstruction.' We, too, are a prey to insecurity; we, too, are grown more tolerant of daring adventures and more credulous of Utopian speculations. Our manufacturers and traders, however grandiose the plans which they lay for the future, lack confidence. They know not what the morrow may bring forth, either at home or abroad. Accordingly, they tend to put off till to-morrow what they would do to-day if they felt secure, with the result that

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unemployment remains a problem and, in the absence of production, prices continue to rise. The workman, for his part, is equally uncertain of the future, and, therefore, as well as because he feels stronger in his organization, more ready to take the risks and more disposed to listen to the advocacy of a new social order. It is, however, true that in Great Britain we are only at the beginning of a process which has gone much further on the Continent of Europe. There, the dissolution of the old order is manifestly in progress; here, the dissolution is only vaguely present so far in men's minds, and has not yet seriously affected their every-day actions.

The fundamental causes of the world-wide unrest are mainly economic. Some peculiarly bad clause in the Peace Treaty, some blunder of the politicians, some manifestation of militarist reaction, may prove to be the spark which will set the world ablaze. But the fundamental cause of the conflagration will lie deep down in the economic system. The workers of France or Italy or Great Britain will rise in revolt, not really because injustice is being done to the workers of Germany or Hungary or Russia, but because in every country it is becoming increasingly difficult, as the Coal Commission has abundantly shown, for the workers to live any longer under an economic system devoted primarily to the making of profit. This is not to say that a majority, or anything like a majority, is consciously demanding the overthrow of the capitalist system. Socialism of any constructive sort remains, probably in every country, the creed of a minority. But even the majority which has not attempted to formulate a constructive opinion has changed. The pre-war industrial system rested upon the general acquiescence of the workers in the subordination of their personality to the needs of industry as interpreted by capitalists and employers. It was possible only because it was able to treat labor as a thing instead of a number of persons, and because labor, though it kicked occasionally, as a rule acquiesced in that treatment. To-day, nearly everyone has a higher conceit of himself than he had before. Nearly everyone makes not only higher material claims, which are hard enough for capitalism to satisfy, but also higher human claims, which it has no means at all of satisfying, and which most of its protagonists do not even attempt to understand. We are face to face with the fact that the war has taught the workers in almost every country to assert their human claims by putting forth the vast economic strength which hitherto they have not known how to use.

To-day, men are refusing any longer to believe that they were made for industry, and are asserting vehemently that industry was made for all men, and must adjust itself to, and comply with, human needs. That is the real meaning of the world-wide unrest, the real moral of the repeated strikes, from whatever immediate causes they may spring.

The question, then, for statesmen in all countries is whether the economic and social system can transform itself so as to comply with the new human standards of value by which it is being judged. If it cannot, it will go to pieces, not perhaps this year, but next year or the year after, or at least within the next decade. Many people see that this is true of a large part of Europe, and yet believe that Great Britain is somehow mysteriously immune from the coming epidemic of social and industrial revolution. There could be no greater mistake. What is true of Europe is true

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of us; and it is certain that we must either undertake the complete overhauling of our industrial system, or else plunge slowly after our neighbors into a chaos out of which a better order may arise, but which will certainly first cause untold suffering in every class.

> It may be we shall rise the last as Frenchmen rose the first,
> Our wrath come after Russia's wrath, and our wrath be the worst.

If we are to escape such an ending to our knight-errantry on behalf of world-democracy, we shall do well to set our house in order. But where and how are we to make a beginning? The system of private profit has us, like our neighbor nations, in its toils. Our Ministers of State are still declaring that they desire to see high profits, because high profits are essential to the rapid and successful development of industry. Our employers have still no suggestion for a remedy for social ills beyond a reiteration of the demand for increased production. Yet surely it is obvious to anyone who looks with half an eye at the industrial situation, that the problem of production is only part of a general psychological problem, and that there can be no solution of it, and no creation of industrial efficiency, unless the idea of production is related to the idea of service. If we want efficiency, we must persuade the workers that it is worth while, and their bounden duty, to do their best; but this we cannot do while we still ask them to work under a system which, from any moral standpoint, is utterly indefensible. The only appeal which can restore the world to good order is a moral appeal; and such an appeal, under present conditions, we simply have not the right to make. It is true that our position is in this respect certainly no worse than that of other nations; but it is a scant consolation if we must all perish together for our sins.

There is no need to take a sensational view in order to emphasize the gravity of the strikes which are now epidemic in every industrial country. The chances are that neither in France nor in Italy will the present movements take a definitely revolutionary turn. They may even begin to blow over before this article appears. But that does not make them any the less serious; for they are manifestations of a general sense of insecurity and dissatisfaction which is everywhere and every day growing stronger and more insistent. It is out of economic movements that, under present conditions, political movements are almost bound to proceed; and, even if the present troubles blow over, we can be sure that others will follow unless the root evils which create them are removed. Yet where in Europe to-day, if we except, without judging, the Soviet countries, is the government with either the courage or the power to tackle one of these root evils? Can we be surprised if we drift ever faster toward the rapids?

The New Statesman

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TALK OF EUROPE

THE sittings of the British Coal Commission, though long drawn out, were not dull affairs. The duel of wits between Mr. Smillie, representative of the miners, and the young Duke of Northumberland, an owner, was, perhaps, the cream of the fun. Under the title, 'A Short Way with Dukes,' the Tory *Saturday Review* prints a satire of the proceedings. 'Mr. Gabb' is Mr. Sidney Webb; 'Sir Twopenza Penny' is Sir Leo Chiozza Money, late Parliamentary Secretary of Shipping.

Mr. Smiler.— Have the tumbrils arrived? Send up the miscreants and put them in the dock.

(*Enter the Duke of Nomansland.*)

Mr. Smiler.— What is your trade or occupation?

Duke of N.— I am a landowner.

Mr. Smiler.— If you had read Blackstone, Coke, and Sheppard's Touchstone, you would know that such a claim is unknown to the law and against public policy.

The Duke of N.— Sorry. I have not read them yet.

Mr. Smiler.— Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Mr. Gabb and *Sir Twopenza Penny.*— As impartial members of this Commission, we concur in that observation.

The Chairman.— We should all be grateful to Mr. Smiler for it.

Mr. Smiler.— How often do you read your title-deeds?

The Duke of N.— I have never read them. (*Incredulous laughter.*)

Mr. Smiler.— Do you ask us to believe you?

The Duke of N.— No.

Mr. Smiler.— Do you know the Rule in Shelley's case?

The Duke of N.— Whose case?

Mr. Smiler.— Shelley, the labor poet.

The Chairman.— Ahem! Thank you so much, Mr. Smiler; but I think there was another of the name.

Mr. Smiler (*to the Duke of N.*).— You are quibbling and confusing the issue. If you had studied *Ferne on Contingent Remainders*, you would know that you were bound to provide warm baths and shampooers at the pit-head for the noble toilers to whom we owe our heat and light.

The Duke of N.— I don't know — I have been at the front for four years and ——

Mr. Smiler.— Don't attempt to try a worthless alibi on us. We won't have it.

Mr. Gabb and *Sir Twopenza Penny.*— Rank militarism! We won't have it. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.— I humbly thank you, gentlemen.

Mr. Smiler.— What King came next after William the Conqueror?

The Duke of N.— I don't remember. (*Sensation.*)

Mr. Smiler.— You don't remember! You know very well that your robber ancestor walked beside the perambulator of the infant William Rufus and forced a charter from the innocent child. Since then, at the rate of 5*d.* a ton, with compound interest and rents, you owe the workingman more than the German War Debt. Remove the prisoner.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING, London's most famous legal wit, has created a stir by saying that the harm which the war had done to the morals of the people of Britain was far beyond any material damage that had been done. Lady Burbidge, replying for women, will have none of the accusation. In a letter to the *Sunday Times*, she writes:

'The allegation that the war has brought about a lapse in woman's morals generally has been heard almost from the first day when woman was called upon to play her part in the conflict. It engaged my attention so much that, throughout my long and varied experience of women war-workers, I have kept my eyes open, because I was so exceedingly anxious to see for myself how women would comport themselves in the new spheres which the war had opened to them. It offered to

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woman the first really great opportunity to prove her worth as a citizen and as an efficient partner of man in the work of the world, and I wished to learn how she would answer the test.

'But besides offering woman hitherto unavailable opportunities to exploit her capabilities as a worker, organizer, and thinker, it also exposed her to temptations and pitfalls innumerable. Girls without any experience of the world were brought into contact with men of all social and moral grades in circumstances strong with emotional appeal. The men they served were fighting for their country. Women's natural sympathies were aroused by this fact, and, most potent of all, their pity was excited by the conditions and perils which the men had to endure.

'In comparison with pre-war conditions, opportunity for and temptation to moral lapses were multiplied a thousandfold. Yet among the thousands of girls who came under my personal observation while employed in factories, camps, hospitals, and elsewhere, where they came in contact with soldiers, it was only in very rare instances that I heard of any case of immorality, or even of offense against discipline.

'Strict devotion to duty was the characteristic attitude of all in the dépots, especially of the Y.M.C.A., of which I had knowledge. And everywhere the same was said of the women. To unaccustomed and arduous tasks they applied themselves with diligence, conscientiousness, and intelligence. The record of the women in this war was splendid. There is no other word to describe it.

'There has been complaint as to extravagance in dress on the part of the women. But surely this is only a natural inclination to spend money, which nobody, judging by results, will say was not well-earned.

'The war certainly weakened for the time being the barriers restraining criminal activities and immoral tendencies. The less daring of the criminal and immoral types took advantage of this fact, and that alone is responsible for the increase of crime and immorality. That is the side of the picture which presents itself to Mr. Justice Darling.

'The truth of the other side, which has revealed itself to those who have worked with the women themselves, and have realized their magnificent achievement, is that woman has proved by her work and conduct during the war that she has an instinctive morality for which she was never given full credit in the days when her activities were restricted, for fear that harm should befall her.'

THE end of the strike of the French miners is at hand, the government having knuckled down at the last moment in a curious and humiliating manner. The facts are these. On June 10 the Chamber voted a bill introduced by M. Durafour, on the eight-hour working day, the Cabinet offering no objection. But the Minister Loucheur, entering the Chamber after the vote, reopened the discussion, announced that the bill would, by reducing production, culminate in economic disaster, and persuaded the Chamber to annul the decision and to adopt a different bill. The miners' representatives warned the government that a strike would result, but the minister insisted, alleging that the Durafour Bill would entail a national catastrophe. The result was a strike, which became so serious that the minister has now again changed his attitude, and induced Parliament to annul its own vote once more and to pass the Durafour Bill, which, according to himself, will cause economic ruin.

HOLMAN HUNT'S Lady of Shalott, one of the last pictures painted by him, is about to be sold. The picture was developed from the original design of Tennyson's poem, which appeared in the early days of the pre-Raphaelite movement, when Holman Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti contributed to the volume. Holman Hunt had the picture on hand over ten years, and it was first exhibited in 1905. The theme seemed to be constantly a matter of delight for him, and the technique of the work was typical, not only of the artist's manner at his best, but also of the poetical symbolism in which he, in common with the other leaders of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, delighted. The Lady of Shalott is one of

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his only remaining three important works left by Holman Hunt for sale, and at his death was excluded by the treasury from duties as an object of national interest.

It will be recalled that the horses and the equipage of the royal stable at Berlin have recently been sold at auction. The *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten* thus describes the sale of the furniture and art collections of the royal palace at Leipzig:

'*Monday morning.* It is not yet ten o'clock and the crowd of those holding tickets of admission is already large. More than 1,200 tickets have been issued. They press eagerly into the auction room on the first floor of the building at 26 Ritterstrasse, which is packed to the limit. Finally, it is possible to admit people only in small parties. There is active bidding, for it is royal property that is being sold. People buy royal associations, they buy history, they buy the romance of the past. Many connoisseurs appear to bid on objects of art. Distinguished dealers in antiques from Berlin and Frankfort and Dresden are there. People eagerly grasp their purchases. A long series of articles of valuable inlaid wood and graceful objects of bronze are sold. A particularly beautiful table inlaid with flower designs brings 3100 marks. The rococo writing desk of the queen brings 3920 marks. The bidding is very erratic. Some intrinsically less valuable objects go for double the price of pieces of superior quality. One little round pillared table sells for 3500 marks, another precisely like it for 5500 marks. A beautiful bed sells for 4200 marks and the less attractive one for 5900 marks. The irrational price of 6000 marks is paid for two great chandeliers. Up to four o'clock 120 articles of the 400 in the first catalogue have been disposed of. The sales the first day amounted to 200,000 marks.'

'The newspapers have fulminated heavily recently about "the cunning and duplicity of the Hun" in sinking his fleet under our noses at Scapa Flow,' says the *Saturday Westminster Gazette*, 'but we rather think that most of our soldiers and sailors have a sneaking sympathy with the Admiral who chose this way rather than surrender his ships to sail under an enemy flag. The Big Four, who are made to look rather foolish by this incident, have sent a remonstrance to Germany, in which they claim that this act is a violation of the armistice, and threaten to try the persons responsible by court-martial and to exact reparation from the Germans. But the passage that they quote does not make it at all clear that the safeguarding of the ships was a specific obligation on the Germans, and the legal argument will, we suppose, be that it was an implied part of the contract. In any case it was, first of all, the business of the Allies themselves to see that the German "care and maintenance" parties were not in a position to scuttle them; and the British Admiralty pleads that their deliberate choice of internment rather than surrender (which is attributed to French and American pressure) made this impossible. The incident is an awkward one for us, since we had openly declared that we should like to see the ships scuttled in mid-Atlantic, and some French papers have not been above suggesting that we turned the blind eye when the Germans opened their valves. The Admiralty's answer to this insinuation is absolutely conclusive. We may think, as many of us do, that the Germans have put their ships to the best use that they were capable of, but the sinking is the direct result of arrangements made by the Allies in the teeth of our warning. The one fair criticism of our government is that in the delicate position in which it stood, it ought never to have undertaken the guardianship of the ships, if it was, as Mr. Long's explanation to the House of Commons suggests, unable to obtain the powers necessary to keep them safely.'

The New Poland which has been fished out of the historical deeps is no favorite in Berlin. There has already been a fearful to do over Silesia. Theodor Wolff has recently printed this quite characteristic paragraph:

'In order to threaten us from the East, a gigantic Polish Empire, full of internal discord, is being constructed. We raise ob-

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jections to the oppression of our German kinsmen. We demand the right of self-determination and the fulfillment of Wilson's promises, but we have no cause to fear this Poland, and the danger threatens us less than it does the originators and protectors of this mad, fantastic, harlequin foolery. Have you heard nothing of the feeling in East Prussia and Upper Silesia? Do you think that this Polish State, in which pianists govern and administrative talents are lacking, will rule and suck up the millions of Germans who passionately protest against it, and all the other multifarious nationalities which are to be chained together within it? Right into the remotest future, France, its real protector, will be compelled to help it, to send troops, and laboriously to support a building which is bursting on all sides and cannot permanently stand.

Occasional letters, printed in various British and Irish papers, serve to remind us not only that the Irish Catholic of the South is by no means always a Sinn Feiner, but also that the Southern Unionist's voice ought to be heard in the melée. The following vigorous letter from Sergeant Sullivan lately appeared in the *Freeman's Journal:*

'It is quite natural that the "British Government" should circulate the falsehood, but it is unfortunate that friends of Ireland, as our American visitors undoubtedly are, should secure repetition of the humiliating charge, that the Sinn Fein faction represent "self-determination" of Ireland's form of government. This charge constitutes the real defense of foreign control, and it will be found repeated day after day in every organ of anti-Irish sentiment in Great Britain. The reason is clear enough. The faction represents a collection of individuals who babble about a "Republic," when not one of them could describe what he means by the phrase. It includes no man of distinction or reputation in any useful walk of life. It is so dependent for its "popularity" upon the patronage of cowardly disorder that it urges the community to boycott and to injure those who engage in the prevention or punishment of crime. It is led by a foreigner and it originated on foreign soil. No wonder the advocates of the rule of the stranger are anxious to hold up this tyranny as the sort of thing by which Ireland would be enslaved if the Castle were abolished. What are the facts? When Mr. Redmond died, every wise principle by which he had led the country to the gate of freedom was abandoned, and his party was led into the folly of competing for the support of the lowest elements of political force. The result was that at the last General Election an enormous number of Irish Nationalists voted for Sinn Fein candidates as the only means of smashing the "Hibernian" clique. There also voted for these so-called Republicans, all the anti-Dillonites, Healyites, O'Brienites and others. Under these most favorable circumstances this faction contested seventy-five seats (that is, three fourths of the constituencies), with an electorate of fourteen hundred and fifty thousand voters. The total poll of the Sinn Fein combination was four hundred and eighty-five thousand votes — about thirty per cent of the electors. On what principle thirty per cent of the electors can claim to represent national self-determination, I do not know. On the actual poll there was a numerical majority of fifty-eight thousand votes against Sinn Fein, but the most significant feature of the election was the deliberate abstention of some hundreds of thousands of Nationalists who refused to go to the poll for any faction. Thus, in three fourths of the constituencies there was a most decisive rejection of the "Republican" performers. It must, therefore, surprise our American friends to learn that on the figures I have quoted, the British electoral law gave to a contemptible minority two thirds of the representation. One may be pardoned for doubting the sincerity of denunciation of British law emanating from such a favored party. In the remaining fourth of the constituencies, the Dillonite organization was too defective to procure candidates, and the Healyites and O'Brienites would not run candidates for fear that a Dillonite might slip in. Consequently there were no contests, and Sinn Fein persons were elected unopposed. On the most extravagant assumption that they could have polled fifty per cent of the electorate, they still remain a miserable minority in Ireland in numbers alone. Tested by

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personnel, they are, of course, in a much worse position, as they lack the support of every stable element of political society. It would be well to ponder on the facts and figures I have quoted. The problem raised by them is not a pleasing one to face. At the moment it is Ireland's misfortune that she has no party in existence that has authority to voice a National demand. Every party, at the moment, represents a minority. The remedy for this evil cannot be found in violent endeavors to enforce the views of any one clique upon the majority of the community that is opposed to it. Such a proceeding only hardens antagonism and perpetuates strife. We shall all have to abate our selfishness and obstinacy, making concessions in order to arrive at a common understanding that may be acceptable to the nation as a whole. If our American friends will try to aid us along this path they will render true service to our country, but their best intentioned effort can do no good so long as they endeavor to impose on us the will of a minority as being our own free "self-determination."'

THE American investigation into the whole question of the court-martial system and its procedure has attracted unusual attention in Great Britain. The British critics are as one in considering our system severe and antiquated. Says the London *Outlook:* 'A former Judge Advocate has launched a detailed indictment of the present administration of military law on the score of its "gross, terrible, spirit-crushing injustice." The official defense seems to be that most of the sentences passed by courts-martial are merely nominal, and are never intended to be carried out. Men sentenced to death for desertion, as over twenty have been in the last two years, are not really shot, but are reinstated at the end of a few months. That line of argument, however, is rarely satisfactory, and complaints of excessive and pitiless severity abound. An unofficial committee which has looked into the matter reports that the sentences imposed by courts-martial are in general four times sharper than they should be. This is not a product of the war. The American military courts have always been positively archaic in their sternness, administering, one might almost say, an eighteenth-century code in an eighteenth-century spirit. Indeed, the inordinate strictness of the discipline administered by the courts-martial was one of the reasons why, before the war, the American army suffered more from desertions and had a lower percentage of reënlistments than any army in the world.'

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY recently delivered the annual address to the members and friends of the Civic and Moral Education League, and his remarks have been reprinted in all the great British journals. He took as his subject the question, 'Can we make any moral estimate of our own time?'

One's first impression, remarked the lecturer, natural enough after the turmoil through which we have passed, was one of chaos and contradiction. It was not merely that if you went to political meetings representing different views you would hear confident and contradictory prophecies about the future of Great Britain. That sort of contradiction was normal between different political parties, and was only stronger than usual now because of the uncertainties and violences through which we were passing. What was curious now was that there were equally violent contrasts of anticipation among people whose social and political ideals were much the same. The same group would at one moment be exulting in the power of the blockade and the bombing-plane and the next be chattering with fear of the Bolshevik revolution.

Consequently, before beginning to answer the main question, it might be best deliberately to put aside the most disturbing factor in it — the effects of the war itself. On the whole, continued the Professor, he was inclined to suggest that the influence of the war on the problem they were discussing would, in the first place, be a temporary and passing influence. We should gradually stagger back into equilibrium. Secondly, he thought that its chief influence, while it lasted, would be to increase every kind of social instability. The habit of war would perhaps produce a habit of violence in public things just as

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we had seen it produce a habit of violence in private things, crimes of jealousy and the like; and perhaps also the war will have increased a tendency to impatience, an inability to understand anything difficult, a helpless wish, when in trouble, to knock somebody down and have done with it.

Most of the people who argue that we are living in an age of degeneration follow a misleading method. They take their examples from some small luxurious class and argue from it to the whole society. They talk far too much about courts and smart society and millionaires.

A RECENT item in the *Irish Times* reveals something of the state of affairs in 'John Bull's Other Island.' 'Raiding for arms' has begun again. Recently nearly one hundred disguised men took part in a raid for arms on Ballyedmond Castle, the County Down residence of Captain Nugent, of the 5th Lancers, near Rostrevor, on the shores of Carlingford Lough. The raiders, who came in motor cars and on bicycles, drove boldly through the main entrance of the castle, and gained entry to the building through some ground floor windows. Once inside, they held up Captain Nugent at the point of a revolver, and sent scouts to search the house. Three shotguns and five rifles were taken.

After the raid, over a dozen wayfarers whom the insurgents, from fear of their giving an alarm, had bound and left helpless by the roadside, were rescued. Mr. P. J. Burril, the Irish Republican Commandant, was arrested and a search made of his house.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Miss Mary Edith Durham, artist and lecturer, is a well-known authority on the Balkan states, and has written several books about them.

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Philipp Scheidemann, the German Socialist statesman, was one of the most prominent makers of the German Revolution. The article printed under his name is a speech made at the German Social Democratic party conference on the 12th of June.

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Bertrand Russell, the English philosopher and student of social questions, is well known in the United States. His most recent book is *Proposed Roads to Freedom.*

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H. Massingham is editor of the London *Nation.*

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Austin Dobson, poet, biographer, and man of letters, is the most widely read and sympathetic student of eighteenth-century people and customs writing to-day. Readers will recall his lives of Fielding, Steele, Goldsmith, and Horace Walpole.

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Hartley Withers is the editor of the great British financial journal, the *Economist.*

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A SONG OF STRENGTH

BY P. H. B. L.

We have washed our hands of the blood, we have turned at length
From the straight blind alleys of death to the way of peace,
Gladly we labor, singing the song of our strength,
The strength of man long-fettered that finds release: —

The splendid body of man; — O hand and eye
Working in trained accord; O flying feet!
The play of muscle in leg and shoulder and thigh,
Strong to endure or to strive, sublime, complete; —

Man, who has bound the waters, enslaved the wind,
Tamed the desolate places, set his span
O'er the abyss, unconquered and unconfined,
Spending his strength in toil for the glory of man; —

The climber setting his foot on the perilous slope,
The hunter driving the wild thing from its lair,
The traveler steering his course by the star of his hope,
Never too faint to believe, too weak to dare; —

The fisherman facing the storm while landsmen sleep,
The swimmer,— poised for an instant against the sky,
Filling the eye with beauty,— plunging deep
With wet white shoulders thrusting the billows by; —

The airmen, hovering, sweeping above the hill,
The engine driving a furrow of flame through the night,
The long ships breasting the waves,— they are with us still,
The strong clean things we have made for our heart's delight; —

Strength of the mind and will, despising sloth,
Seeking the task unfinished, the goal unguessed,
Sowing the seed in faith, entrusting the growth
To the strength of their children after their hands have rest; —

Strength of the maker, serving a distant age,
The poet shaping his dream to a deathless rhyme,
The doctor fighting disease, the chemist, the sage,
Grappling with nature, challenging space and time.

So shall we sing as we labor, till faint hearts hear
And turn from their sorrows to listen,— to cry at length: —
Lo, we have put away doubt, and cast off fear,
Come, let us fashion the world to the song of our strength.

The Spectator

SLEEPLESS

BY MARGARET KENNEDY

Street lamps in rows
Glitter and flare,
Where the road goes
Through the trees of the square.

Dimmer and dimmer
The pale moon goes down,
Where the hills glimmer
Watching the town.

No step in the street
Breaks the intensity;
Night-winds are sweet,
Breathing immensity.

Ere again the sun leap,
Ere again the day break,
Oh, God, give me sleep
Though I die ere I wake!

The New Witness

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